

Over 700,000 Copies Sold Every Week

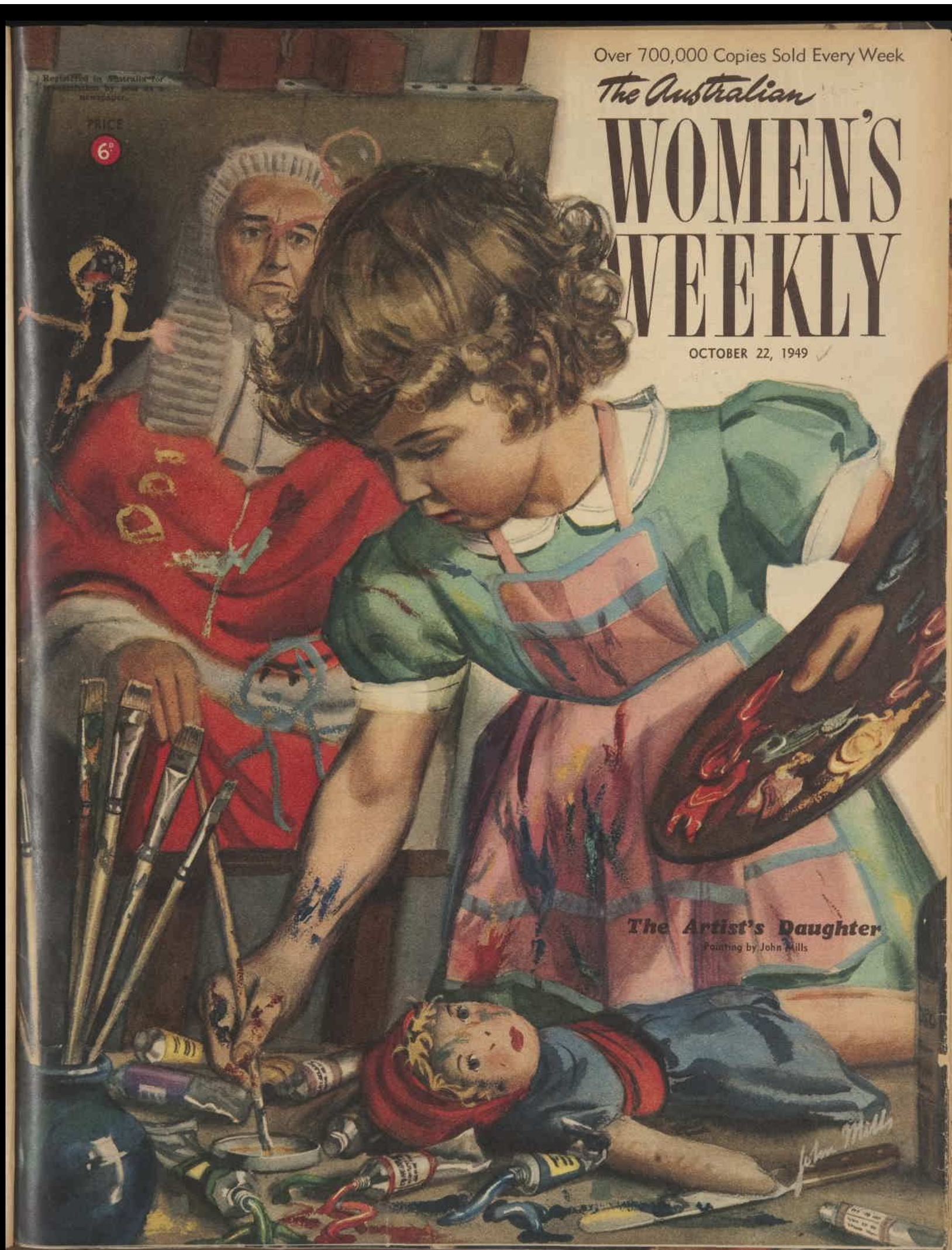
*The Australian*  
**WOMEN'S  
WEEKLY**

OCTOBER 22, 1949 ✓

PRICE  
6<sup>d</sup>

**The Artist's Daughter**

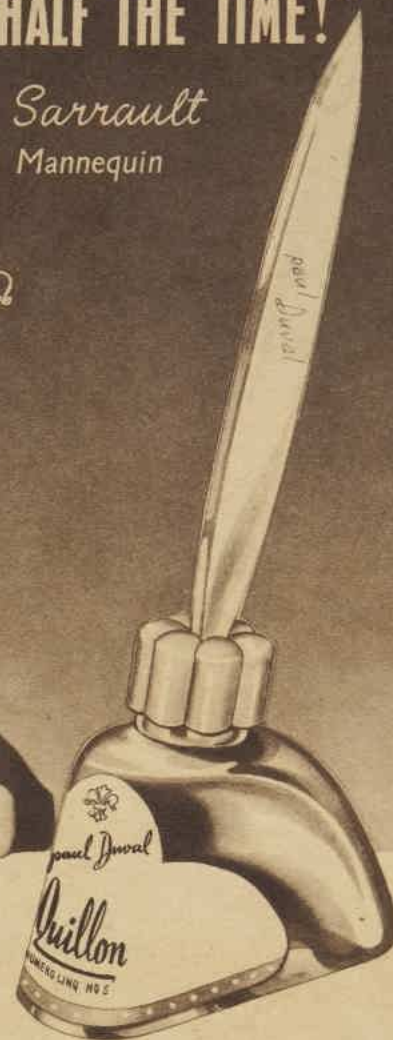
Painting by John Mills





**"Quillon GIVES TWICE THE BEAUTY IN HALF THE TIME!"**

*says Denise Sarrault*  
famous French Mannequin



**Quillon**

**NEW MIRACLE  
NAIL ENAMEL..**



The graceful Perspex Quill unscrews in a twinkling to become..



A dual-purpose manicure-aid—for cuticles and nail-tips... or



Quill and brush together detach to give you a long flexible brush for the faultless application of Quillon.

- It's based on the latest overseas formula
- Creamy texture for smoother, deeper lustre
- Once on, it stays on... never a chip, crack, streak or smear
- Dries in split seconds to a silken plasticity

In the cleverest bottle—snappy, yet practical. . . . The balanced quill makes it equally easy to apply with either hand. And it's dual-purpose... the quill unscrews to become a handy cuticle-pusher and manicure aid.

**4/11**

In the lovely cosmetic shades Spring Fashion demands...

No. 5 (Numéro Cinq)  
No. 8 (Numéro Huit)  
No. 12 (Numéro Douze)  
Gay Gossip, First Night,  
Apache, Grenadier Red,  
Mayfair Pink, Naturel,  
... 4/11

**Also**  
Foundation Film, 4/11  
Cuticle Remover, 3/11  
Nail Polish Remover, 2/11

**paul Duval**  
PERSONALISED COSMETICS

at Paul Duval Salon, P3-5 Her Majesty's Arcade,  
Sydney, and at all Chemists... Exclusive Stores.

DQWVZ

LIPSTICKS, 2/11, 4/11, 5/11 : ROUGE, 2/11, 5/11 : QUILLON NAIL ENAMEL, 4/11 : SALON POWDER, 4/6 : PHOTOGENIC FACEMAKER, 6/6



# PALACE OF SWEETS

By GORDON M. HILLMAN

**T**HINKING of Aunt Zia made Mr. Sarkas so nervous that he went out and crossed to the other side of Saratoga Street to survey his establishment.

It was bright and neat and clean, which the rest of Saratoga Street was not. Its front was blue and white, its marble-topped tables were set just so, like brightly burnished chessmen, its soda fountain shone, its soft blue walls were decorated with very delicate silver trees of a species unknown to anyone but the artist.

Ordinarily, Mr. Sarkas viewed all this with pride; to-day, he sadly shook his head. You could call a small candy store a Palace of Sweets if you wanted to, but that wouldn't make it one. He could already hear that tremendous sniff with which Aunt Zia signified displeasure or contempt.

He went back into the shop, thinking now of Mamma flying over from Athens. It wasn't the flying that worried him; it was the whole tone of Mamma's last letter.

It was so painfully plain that Mamma thought her son was a great man in America and that South Bay was a wonderful place.

How that had ever got into her head he couldn't imagine, but Mamma was going to be dreadfully disappointed. It was too bad that was so because Mamma was an old lady of seventy-two now and had seen quite enough trouble, what with wars and famine and revolutions.

Somehow, in his letters, he must have given Mamma the wrong idea; she'd expect a better house than he had, for instance.

It was quite an odd house for South Bay, a low, rambling sort of cottage with a yard of its own and two trees, and must have, at some time, belonged to a seafaring man, since it still had a broken dory filled with flowers in front.

The seafaring man had left it painted a grim, dirty grey, but Mr. Sarkas had changed that to a rather nice yellow with green blinds.

What he couldn't change was that, on one side, the house commanded a view of a dilapidated tenement, while its rear windows afforded an opportunity to watch the seagulls getting a good living from the mud flats and an extra added viaticum of a red, round gas tank.

Mr. Sarkas tried to think what Mamma from Athens would be accustomed to, and he couldn't seem to remember Athens.

Everybody in the district had turned out to welcome Mrs. Sarkas and Aunt Zia.

at all. He had left there at 17 and all he had was an impression of brightness and a blazing blue sky.

He was quite sure, however, that there had been no gas tanks, mud flats, or gulls.

On the other hand, he could remember Aunt Zia all too well, and she was coming with Mamma, coming to live out her life in the United States since Greece was so upset.

Aunt Zia was a very violent woman. Aunt Zia had decided she was descended from the great Michael Paleologus, Emperor of Byzantium. Aunt Zia had sharp eyes and an even sharper tongue; she would not be fooled by flowers in a dory in anybody's front yard.

Mr. Sarkas looked up to see that his daughter Betty had come in and was setting the soda fountain in shape.

Even Aunt Zia was unlikely to snuff at Betty with her soft black hair, her cheeks that were olive under rose, her straight Greek nose, her shining eyes.

She smiled at him. "You'd better stop getting so excited about Grandma coming. You'll blow up long before next Tuesday if you don't."

"I am not excited," Mr. Sarkas told her in his precise, clipped English. "It is just this. Mamma has got it in her head that I am somehow a big shot. Mamma does not know that South Bay is the slums or, anyway, almost, and that I spend all my time selling penny candy to kids. Mamma is now an old lady and it is going to be hard on her."

Betty's eyes grew big. Nobody, even in the wildest dream, would ever say Poppa was a big shot; Poppa was just Joe to everyone for miles around.

"Now don't you worry," she said quickly. "Of course it'll all seem strange to Grandma at first and to Aunt Zia, too. But they'll settle down and like it. You see if they don't."

Mr. Sarkas shook his head and went out to see about the ice-cream.

Betty kept on polishing glasses. Poppa was usually the happiest little man. She hadn't seen him so miserable since Mamma'd died.

Someone clinked a coin on the counter and Kenny Burns' red hair was an unruly blaze as always. "Hi, Betts! Why, what's wrong?"

Kenny was tall and lean and all angles and he and Betty had been going together for a long time and were already as good as engaged. They would be when he got through law school.

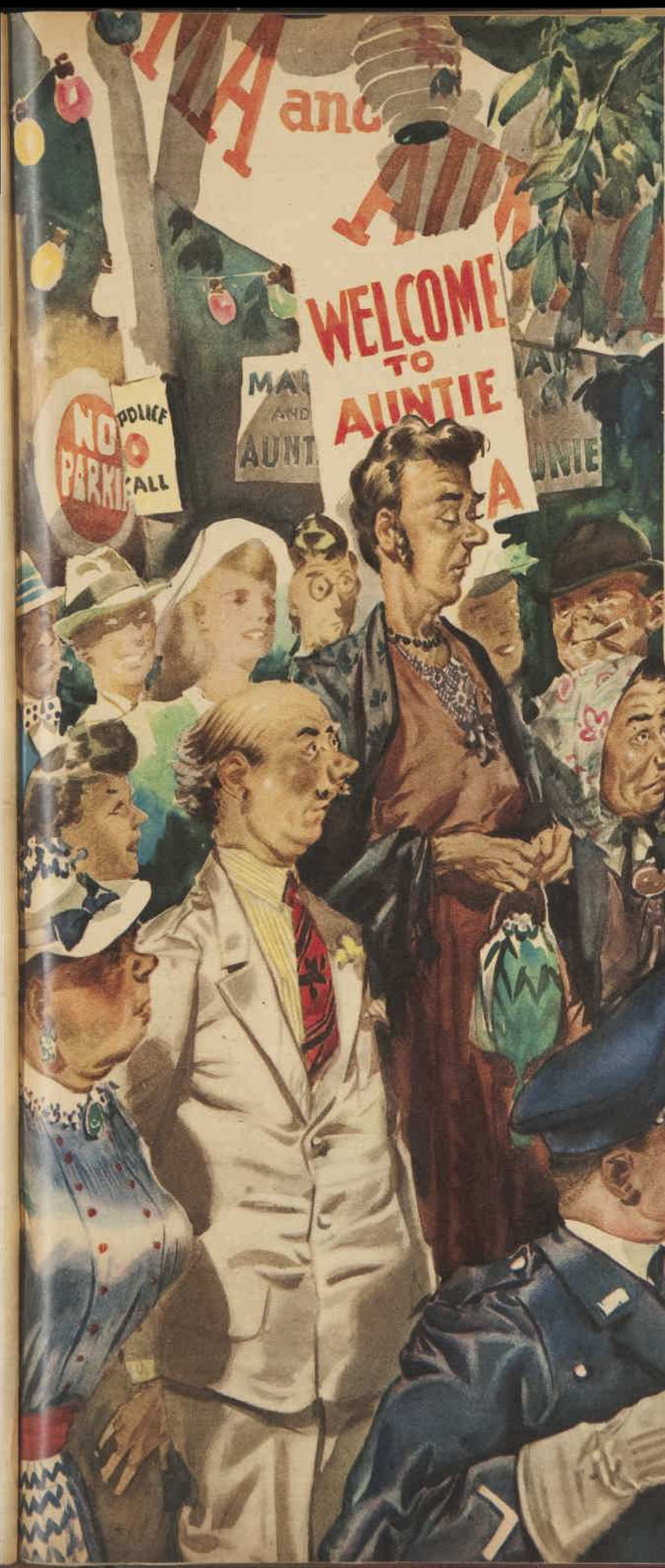
"I guess you'll laugh at it, but—" She began telling him.

When Kenny listened to people, he did so with absolute intentness. And then carefully considered what they said. That was going to make him a good lawyer some day.

He now pronounced judgment. "If you ask me, your Grandma and Aunt are lucky to be getting out of Greece. And your father's done plenty in paying their expenses. If they aren't grateful, they ought to have their necks wrung."

Please turn to page 4

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - October 22, 1949 Page 3





**8**  
out of  
**10**  
Dentists recommend



According to an Australian wide survey conducted by an independent Research Organisation more than 8 out of 10 Dentists recommend IPANA in preference to any other Tooth Paste.

*A Famous Brand*  
**Erin Art**

A PIONEER PRODUCT

Your safeguard when buying  
**SHEETS AND PILLOW CASES**



**K**ENNY was getting very indignant over the wrong thing, as he often did.

"But that isn't it, Kenny," she tried to explain. "It's that Grandma's got it into her head that Poppa's someone—someone important."

Kenny had a County Kerry temper and he now pounded the counter. "And who says he isn't? Who gave me good advice to go to law school? Who would I go to if I were in trouble? Who's the best-known man in South Bay and the best-liked one, too?"

Betty's eyes went wider still. It certainly was nice of Kenny to feel that way about Poppa, but no one else did.

"Yes, Kenny, but how's Grandma going to know all that?"

Three minutes later Kenny charged down Saratoga Street, muttering to himself. Betty was unhappy and so he was unhappy, and all because Joe Sarkas' mamma expected Joe to be a millionaire or president of the Chamber of Commerce or something. Maybe Joe would be rich if he'd stop lending money to everyone in South Bay who was hard up or in some sort of a jam. Maybe...

"Look where you're goin', can't you!" said Mrs. Moriarty.

Mrs. Moriarty was a large lady with a large and vigorous nose. Her hair was rusty and abundant, and her hard blue eyes came as near to flashing fire as anyone's ever will.

"Kenny Burns, if you've been quarrelling with that sweet girl of yours, you better be ashamed of yourself!"

Kenny was actively afraid of Mrs. Moriarty, a sentiment shared by every other inhabitant of South Bay. "I've not," he might as well tell her about it because she'd drag it all out of him in the end, anyway.

"And if you ask me," he finished bitterly, "he'd better have left the old lady where she was."

Mrs. Moriarty dissented. "Sure she'd want her own son to be a big man. And why not?" She put up her hand and pushed her hat to one side, a sure signal of danger. "You've been a fool since you were five years old, Kenny Burns. Maybe before that you had some sense."

Across Saratoga Street, behind a lumbering beer truck, Mrs. Moriarty could see her own shop quite clearly. Its gold sign said with almost classic restraint, "MADAME MORIARTY, MODES."

Mrs. Moriarty's hat tilted still farther. If Joe Sarkas hadn't lent her the money to get started, she wouldn't be Madame Moriarty or possess a prosperous business. She'd probably be behind a counter in the chain store. Nobody but she and Joe knew that and nobody was going to. She began to walk down the street.

Mr. Brannigan sat in his office, which was a small room at the back of the Emerald Bar and Billiard Parlor. Mr. Brannigan, small and bright-eyed and bald, was consuming salted peanuts and a cake of chocolate in order to stimulate thought.

Being the local political leader, Mr. Brannigan was thinking about the election, but not too hard, because it was in the bag, anyway.

He looked up to see Mrs. Moriarty sweep through the door.

As he rose, no one would have known he hadn't the least desire to see her. "Why, Ellen Moriarty! And how's the Ladies' Improvement Association getting on?"

Mrs. Moriarty plumped herself down in a chair and displayed one of her own modes in a vivid purple tone. "We're thinking of getting the Governor to come over and speak to us."

This was treachery of the worst sort, and Mr. Brannigan's gaze slid to her hat. Sure enough, it was on crooked.

Mr. Brannigan was aware that she wanted something; if he kept quiet, he'd find out what.

## Palace of Sweets

Continued from page 3

"Joe Sarkas' mother and his aunt are coming in here on an aeroplane from some heathen place next Tuesday."

Mr. Brannigan knew that perfectly well.

"That's a long way for two old ladies to travel. It would be a nice thing if there was some sort of a welcome for them."

Mr. Brannigan saw he was going to get off easy. "What you got in mind, Ellen?"

"Well, maybe a welcome party in front of Joe's place. Only if anybody thinks I'm going to do all the work about it, I'm not."

Both the peanuts and the chocolate beside Mr. Brannigan had come from the Palace of Sweets. That Mr. Brannigan had a high opinion of Mr. Sarkas was attested by the fact he had actually paid for them.

He decided he might as well make a significant gesture. "I'd be glad to attend to a few details myself, Ellen."

Mrs. Moriarty gave her hat another knock. "That kind of a party's no good unless people come to it. If you was to pass word to the boys to be there, they would."

That was perfectly true. Any party in which Mr. Brannigan had an interest would take on the nature of a command performance.

"I hear," said Mrs. Moriarty, getting down to it at last, "that Joe's mother's got the silly idea in her head that Joe's a big gun in South Bay, bigger even than a city councillor or a congressman. Joe's worried sick over what she'll think when she

"Forty is the old-age of youth, fifty is the youth of old-age."  
—Victor Hugo

finds he only sells candy to kids."

Mr. Brannigan considered that. He considered that Mrs. Sarkas, after being bounced around in Athens by bombs, communists, and ration cards, would probably think herself lucky to be in South Bay at all. She might even realise that selling penny candy to kids was an honorable profession.

"I don't believe there's anybody in South Bay that isn't a friend of Joe's," he said slowly.

"So what's that get him?" snapped Mrs. Moriarty.

Mr. Brannigan shifted to safer ground. "Where's the old lady coming in?"

Mrs. Moriarty rose to go. "Over at the airport."

Mr. Brannigan displayed that fine attention to detail which made him an able leader. "If Joe meets her in that old jalopy of his, it won't look so good."

Mrs. Moriarty said pointedly that it would be a disgrace not only to the community but to the party as well. Whereupon she departed.

A methodical man, Mr. Brannigan first made sure that Mrs. Moriarty had actually gone. Then he put on his bowler hat, summoned an aide from the poolroom, and issued instructions that the boys were to appear at a welcome party at six o'clock sharp.

They were to bring their wives, children, sisters, sweethearts, and all other relatives not actually bedridden.

These were merely warming-up exercises for Mr. Brannigan, who now issued into the brisk air of Saratoga Street. There was a sea wind, much strengthened in fishiness and saltiness by the glue factory four blocks away, and there was also an overlay of the healthful odor of stale beer.

Mr. Brannigan drew a deep breath of this invigorating mixture and entered the undertaking establish-

ment of Vincent Colleoni. Mr. Colleoni, tall, dark, and most un-funereal-looking, was reading the morning paper, with particular attention to the obituary columns.

"I'd like the loan of your big black limousine. Not the one with the broken springs. The good one," said Mr. Brannigan.

Mr. Colleoni's response was immediate and regrettable. "No limousines for no political drunks."

The purpose was not political, Mr. Brannigan explained. It was to convey Mr. Sarkas' mamma and aunt from the airport to a gigantic welcome now being arranged on their behalf.

Mr. Colleoni rubbed his hair the wrong way so it stood up straight. "Why'n't you say so? For Joe sure, Joe, he's always nice to my boys. All my boys ask after Joe when they write their poor old Poppa a letter."

Mr. Colleoni's boys had long since grown up, and there were ten of them. Mr. Brannigan couldn't remember which one was a jazz-band leader, which a barber, and which was spending a quiet holiday in San Quentin. So he merely gave a sympathetic cluck.

"For the party I could maybe find a couple of wreaths left over from someone," Mr. Colleoni mused. "You better be careful," Mr. Brannigan warned. "This isn't a wake. It's a welcome."

Mr. Colleoni ignored the aspersions. "I put some soft cushions in the back of that limousine. I shine him up nice till it looks as good as the car the city gives his Honor the Mayor."

Mr. Brannigan bade him goodbye, and his brain began to revolve with great rapidity. He was about to arrange a welcome party that would knock Ellen Moriarty's eye out.

Now thoroughly worked up, Mrs. Moriarty burst into Schultz's bakery. Behind the counter the blonde Mrs. Schultz bulged in a pair of massive plaid slacks.

Mrs. Moriarty briefly explained her mission, and, knowing Mrs. Schultz's reputation for penury, braced herself with great enjoyment for fight which would not only be exhilarating but downright ferocious.

To her surprise she didn't get it. "Joe Sarkas?" Mrs. Schultz waved her white plump hand. "Anything in the shop for Joe. Any time. The Mister will make up special even some of the little cakes with strawberry cream inside."

She leaned across the counter. "If it hadn't been for Joe helping, I don't know how we'd have got along when the Mister was away."

This was a polite way of putting it. Mr. Schultz, having become involved in some highly illegal proceedings, had been lodged and boarded by the State in a small apartment with a barred window. He now lived in fearful subjection to Mrs. S., and commonly lurked in the cellar.

Being well-bred ladies, Mrs. Moriarty and Mrs. Schultz ignored all this, and straightway pounced on Mr. Anderson, the young district man for the "Daily Express," who had unluckily just come in for half a dozen rolls.

"Robbie," said Mrs. Schultz, "we want you to get us a nice piece in the paper."

Like most district men, Mr. Anderson spent much of his time escaping from people who want pieces in the paper. He pointed out that only last week there had been a paragraph on the Ladies' Improvement Association, complete with half-column photograph of Mrs. Moriarty.

The ladies brushed that aside.

Please turn to page 26



# W AYWARD W IFE

By STEVE McNEIL

NOT that Nancy was de-motivated, Jim thought. It was just that she was slightly unpredictable, but of course he loved her. She had eyelashes that were fantastic, and smoky-grey eyes, and a breathless way of talking; and she had ideas . . . like this morning.

She said, "Look, Jim, I've been thinking."

Jim shook his head without taking his eyes from his newspaper. "I won't do it," he said.

"Won't do what?"

"Whatever you're thinking."

"You don't have to do it; I'm going to do it."

"What?"

"Well, I was reading the newspaper and it started me thinking. I'm not very helpful. I mean I just cook and clean house and put buttons on your things, and that doesn't seem enough."

"It's enough for me."

"Well, other women have dogs or babies, or they collect teacups, or grow begonias, or have a Girl Guide troop or something; and I don't do anything."

Jim rested his chin on his hand and regarded her gravely, wondering what was coming. "I see."

"So I was reading the paper and I came across this advertisement. Look." She pointed. The advertisement had been circled with lipstick.

Jim looked.

WANTED. Companion for semi-invalid man — preferably young woman, well-educated, pleasant, refined, attractive, who can do some typing. Days only. Box W-16.

Jim scowled and pointed with a forefinger. "Days only," he said grimly. "That's nice. You mean you'd be home at nights?"

"And I'd be doing something worth while."

"Listen," Jim said. "How do you know who this character is?" He slapped the paper with the back of his hand. "I will not have my wife being any companion to any semi-invalid man. The whole idea is fantastic." Jim swallowed the last of his coffee.

He picked up the paper again. "Read that! 'Young woman . . . attractive . . . refined!' Who advertises like that unless he's some old fellow who wants to hold your hand and tell you about his operation?"

"Just because you'd do that if you were a semi-invalid is no sign everybody else would."

"I would not do that!" Jim yelled. "But I don't advertise in the paper, either, for some young woman to stroke my brow!"

"Well, I think you're selfish. The poor man is probably bedridden and friendless and alone in the world. I should think you'd be sorry for anybody who has to lie in bed all day long with nobody to talk to, and probably suffering. Just because you're healthy is no sign there aren't other people in the world who need care, and the way you carry on when you have a simple little cold! Well, it just goes to show . . ."

"It just goes to show what?"

"That we are our brother's keeper."

"What," Jim roared, "has that got to do with this old joker advertising in the paper?"

"Everything."

Jim groaned. He looked at Nancy speculatively, wondering whether she was serious about this thing. Not yet, in two years of marriage,



"There are more important things in life than a party," Nancy said coolly, handing Jim his hat.

had Jim been able to figure out the workings of Nancy's mind. He suspected that her behaviour could be traced to sun spots, or the aurora borealis, or maybe she had read a book.

Sometimes it seemed to Jim that Nancy's impressionable age was being reached a little late in life.

He refused to investigate the possibility that she was bored. When the thought came uppermost in his mind, he slapped it down and sent it scuttling back into the dark corners where it belonged.

She had never seemed bored. She had none of the usual symptoms. She did not play bridge every afternoon, and she did not go in for fads, such as dieting, psychoanalysts, or yoga exercises. Jim decided that she was just a little bit nuts or maybe it was a bid for attention.

"How about if we have dinner somewhere to-night and then look around a bit?" he said, putting on his coat. "Maybe get Esther and Jerry and go on a party?"

"Play, play, play," Nancy said, handing him his hat. "There are

more important things in life than a party."

Jim peered. Never, to his certain knowledge, had Nancy turned thumbs down on a party. "Feeling all right?" he asked.

"Of course. I'm just thinking. Don't you ever think . . . I mean, about things?"

"On occasion," Jim said. "Well, I have to go to the salt mines. See you to-night." He kissed Nancy good-bye, wiped off the lipstick, and went to work.

That night he carefully avoided the subject of emancipation of women, of jobs for women, of old age and invalidism, and any other subject which might bring to mind their discussion of that morning.

He entertained the fond hope that seeing the advertisement had merely been a springboard, and that the idea would pop around in her mind and set off other ideas, much like a chain reaction, and that, instead of the original thought of taking care of an invalid, other thoughts would crowd and push until she came up with something a little less fantastic.

So he was not worried, and even less worried when four days went by without any mention of the semi-invalid man with a desire for a woman companion, preferably young.

But he found that he had been entertaining false hopes. It seemed that Nancy had fastened upon the idea of a job with a tenacity heretofore unrevealed, and much more befitting a bulldog, for on the sixth day Nancy met him at the door, put her hands on her hips and beamed.

"Well!" she said.

Jim kissed her, lifted her off her feet and set her down. "Well, what?"

"Well, I got the job."

"What job?" Jim said, knowing full well what job.

"The job with the semi-invalid man. You know the job."

"I am afraid," Jim said, "that I do, but I was hopeful to the end."

"Well, it's just about the most interesting thing that ever happened. I mean, out of all the people who wrote in, he picked me. He

said it was because my letter was so unconventional."

"I imagine he's hoping your behaviour will also be unconventional," Jim said. "Now just who is this character?"

"He isn't a character. He's a man who writes books with a broken leg."

"That should be interesting," Jim observed. "Most people use a typewriter."

"I am not in the mood," Nancy said, "for corny jokes. He's very nice and refined and he broke his leg and can't get around, so he needs someone to do things for him, like making coffee and answering mail, and typing up the things he writes, and that sort of thing, and he didn't want just some domestic person around."

"So he wants my wife around," Jim said. "How old is this joker who writes books with a broken leg?"

"It's hard to say," Nancy said. "Well, he has grey hair . . . around the temples. Anyway, I'm just working for him. I don't keep asking you how old your boss is."

"I'll tell you anyway. He's sixty-two. Now, how old is your boss?"

"He's thirty-seven," Nancy said, in a small voice. She twined her fingers together and looked up at Jim. "That's not so old, is it . . .?"

"Thirty-seven!" Jim yelled. "Why, he's practically a kid! In three more years, life will begin!"

"Anyway, he's a perfect gentleman and terribly interesting. And he calls me 'Miss Cartwright,' just as formally and . . ." Nancy stopped and put her hand to her lips.

"Miss Cartwright!" Jim yelled.

"Well, he doesn't know I'm married. I signed the letter 'Nancy Cartwright.' After all, that's who I am."

"Mrs. Nancy Cartwright," Jim said.

"He said he hoped I was single, because he didn't want any jealous husbands stalking around and peering through the windows to find out what was going on."

"Oh, he didn't. And what would be going on?"

"Nothing. Except that they might get the wrong interpretation."

"Of what?"

"Of what was going on."

Jim groaned. He should have known better. Having had four sisters, he had learned, very early in life, that arguing with a woman got you nothing except possibly a sore throat. He gave up. He picked up the evening paper and considered prosaic matters.

He said, "What's for dinner, and what's this man's name?"

"Pork chops and Bob Alexander," Nancy said, and went into the kitchen.

The next day Jim went to work without his usual enthusiasm. Not that he was jealous, he told himself, but these days there were all sorts of nuts running around, writing books, painting pictures, composing songs. Jim was suspicious of people who earned their living without going to work each morning, as he was doing.

He came into the office, hung up his hat and coat, and then looked out the window. Normally, he liked his job; he had always liked it, and he was doing well with the Rogers Timber Company, but to-day he was disenchanted.

Please turn to page 34



# At last!

Here is the blouse you have wished for . . .  
 beautifully designed, expertly cut and finished in a  
 host of pretty pastel shades and snowy white. Made  
 from wonderful Potter's Anti-Shrink Fabrics—these blouses  
 are guaranteed not to shrink, stretch or fade. Easy to  
 wash, too! They dry over night, and need hardly any  
 ironing. Look for the Potter's tab on every blouse  
 you buy — and stop thinking  
 about shrinking.

BLOUSES BY  
*Dawn*  
 REGD.



LOVELY POTTER'S *Anti-Shrink*  
 BLOUSES TO SAVE YOU HOURS  
 OF IRONING!



POTTER'S ANTI-SHRINK  
 BY-THE-YARD!

Look for Potter's Anti-Shrink on the selvedge if you design your own summer styles. It's so much easier to cut and make-up — and never, never shrinks or fades.



CANNOT SHRINK •

CANNOT STRETCH • CANNOT FADE

EASY TO WASH • EASIER TO DRY • EASIEST TO IRON

**STOP THINKING ABOUT SHRINKING**



# Poison in the House

By . . .  
A. E. MARTIN

**W**HEN his niece, VASHTI STEEN, is stranded in Perth with a theatrical company, domineering REFF STEEN not only determines to take her home to Pelvernon station as his heir, but makes arrangements to marry her at once to CHARLIE BATES, a young farmer.

The young actress is depressed by the whole atmosphere of Pelvernon, whose only other occupants are PETE GORRIK, half-witted HOLPER; and JEDIDAH, the down-trodden house-keeper. Her dismay increases when attempts are apparently made to murder Steen, and he blames Holper, declaring that he will arrange for SERGEANT BEN LAKE, the local policeman, to take him away.

But, meanwhile, she has fallen in love with STEVE GARVIE, whose property, Hucksditch, has been bought over his head by Steen. In a secret meeting, Garvie asks her to marry him, but warns her to tell no one.

Now read on—

**J**EDIDAH was pottering at the stove when the girl rushed into the kitchen, a whirlwind in petticoats, cheeks ablaze, and impulsively threw her arms about her neck.

"Let be," Jedidah said. "You'll be scaldin' me and self as well."

"But I'm so happy, Jedidah. I want you to be happy too. I want everyone to be happy."

Jedidah regarded her solemnly as she sprawled on a chair, threw her hat carelessly on the table, and blew the hair from her hot forehead.

"Garvie?" the old woman asked. The girl nodded. "I've got to tell you. I've simply got to. He told me . . ." She stopped, apprehensive that already her careless tongue had jeopardised her future. Steen had been so explicit about secrecy.

Jedidah didn't press her. "Guess I know sort o' thing Steve Garvie would tell you," she said dryly. "He's the most wonderful man."

"Gets himself up slick." "Don't you like him, Jedidah?" "Ain't for me to have likes and dislikes," the housekeeper said. Her eyes fell to the girl's feet. "Better whip off them shoes. I'll give un a polish."

"They're all right, really." Jedidah smiled, pityingly. "You been here a few minutes. I been here a lifetime. Give the devil his due, old un knows his land. That soil on your shoes don't belong to Pelvernon. Give Reff Steen a sight of it and right away he'd know you been up Silvanella Hill."

"I don't think I'll be going up there again."

"No?" She raised an eyebrow. "Maybe it's best."

"Jedidah, the most wonderful thing has happened. I'm dying to tell you but I mustn't. You won't ask me, will you? On Sunday," she went on breathlessly as she began to ease off her shoes, "Steve's going to give you a message for me. A most important message."

Jedidah began to poke wood into the fire, thrusting hard at the ends, avoiding the hot iron with practised fingers. "Must be important if it drags Steve Garvie to church."

"Oh, it is, it is. You will make it easy, won't you, Jedidah? Easy for

"I'm glad you told me all this," the girl said, gently touching Jedidah's shoulder.

him to see you I mean and give you the message?"

Suddenly in the midst of her own happiness she remembered the Jedidah of the previous night sitting on Reff Steen's great bed, crying for the first time in thirty years, and was at once contrite. She sped across the flagged floor in her stockinged feet so that the other gave a little start at the touch of hands on her stooping shoulders.

"I'm a beast, Jedidah," the girl was saying. "I've been thinking only of myself. I know how you feel about poor Holper. Perhaps, when Mr. Steen comes home, you'll find he's changed his mind."

"Never see him change it yet 'less it suited him," Jedidah regarded the young, eager face, her eyes uncertain as she tried to assess the meaning of the new and bewildering emotion that, with the touch of the youthful hands, had taken possession of her withered being.

"Vashti," she said with pathetic eagerness, "you don't think he did it, do you? Holper wouldn't do that."

"You mean, try to kill Mr. Steen?"

Jedidah nodded. There rushed through the girl's mind the possibility that she was becoming involved in a conspiracy.

She recalled how Jedidah and Pete had had a mumbled conversation beneath her window and wondered what it had been about.

Holper, she realised, had every reason to hate Steen for his cruelty, Pete because he was to be disinherited, Jedidah herself for uncounted humiliations. It might well be that at this banquet of hate there sat a murderer.

For a moment she was fearful that the shadow of a tragedy which was not her concern was falling upon the fringe of her new-found happi-

ness, and then she became conscious of the straining eagerness of Jedidah's expression.

The idea of this poor wretched woman fighting to protect the hapless half-wit became infinitely touching and she dismissed her thoughts as unworthy.

"No," she said, "I know he wouldn't do a thing like that."

"I got to fight for Holper," Jedidah said, simply. "He's poor daft un and Reff's goin' to shut un away for fear o' what he might spill to you. Back of his mind old un's scart you might run away like your ma did. That'd fair kill un."

"But, Jedidah, what could Holper

to justify himself," Jedidah said. "He'll tell Ben Lake just enough. After a bit he'll kid himself it really happened like he pretended. Like he's come to kid himself he warn't to blame about Dulcinia."

"Who was Dulcinia, Jedidah? I saw her name in a Bible in my room," Dulcinia, with a question mark.

"She was just Dulcinia," Jedidah said. "She didn't know what else." For an instant the bitter line returned to the thin lips. "She was another like you," she went on. "Mebbe a bit prettier and younger by a year or two."

"And she was here . . . at Pelvernon?"

Jedidah jerked her thumb upward. "That was her room." She sighed. "Mebbe 'twas better for her she chose the way she did. She got free o' Pelvernon. She didn't stay like me . . . to let it get in her bones like rheumatics."

"Why don't you go away, Jedidah?"

"Guest like goldfish in bowl I'm glad o' crumbs. I could stick rest o' my days here so long as they don't take Holper." She considered the youthful face. "Tain't so bad for me, but for you who've been governessin' . . ."

"You know I wasn't a governess." "What was it? Play-actin' like your ma?"

"Something like that."

"I ain't never seen play-actin'," Jedidah said and laughed shortly. "Come to think ain't never seen anythin' much. Got no kith or kin to go to or hear from. Once I thought . . . but no matter. I'll make some tea."

"Why don't you tell me?" Jedidah was taking the teapot from the high shelf above the stove. "Warn't nothin' but a silly dream," she said awkwardly.

Full of her own romance the girl probed. "A dream . . . about a man?"

"Warn't nothin', I tell you," Jedidah said almost fiercely. "Folks can look in glass and see themselves, can't they?" She reached for the big, square tea caddy.

"But when you were a girl . . . ?"

"I had same feelin's as all young uns. I had same feelin's all right but not same face. He didn't think so, anyway."

"He? You mean Reff Steen?"

Jedidah thrust the measure into the caddy. "He brought me here, didn't he? When man takes you up and sets you in his house you got a right to think he means proper, ain't you? You wouldn't think he was lookin' on you like you was just another sheep or cow."

"Jedidah . . . you love him."

The little eyes smouldered. "Love un? I hate un!"

"But you didn't always hate him." She was trying to picture Reff Steen as a young man and Jedidah . . . never lovely, perhaps, but youthful.

"At first . . . I don't know," Jedidah said contemplatively. "I was orphanage kid year or two after I was born. I didn't know much. He was master. I was like slave bein' brought home from one o' they Bible wars. I was his to do what he liked with. I could've worshipped him."

Please turn to page 37



## PART SEVEN OF A TWELVE-PART SERIAL

tell me that would make me run away?"

"Plenty," Jedidah said.

Her keen eyes asked a question. "You didn't hear no shot yesterday, Vashti . . . nor me. For why? Cause there warn't one. Nobody took pot shot at old un. He just pretended so he could get things set for what he was goin' to say 'bout Holper. Pretendin' he was scart o' Pete he faked that bolster business. He pinched Holper's knife and stuck it in bolster, just as he pinched his rabbit's foot and left it for world to see."

There was concern and bewilderment in the girl's face. "He wouldn't do that . . . surely, he wouldn't? Why, that would be terrible."

"Everything Reff Steen does he has





Wake up with

**WESTCLOX**



THE WESTCLOX BELL BIRD



THE WESTCLOX LARK

All over the world millions agree that the finest thing you can say about a clock is, "It's a Westclox." The two members of this famous clock family featured above have been produced by Australian craftsmen at the modern plant of Westclox (Aust.) Pty. Ltd. Both worthily uphold the Westclox tradition of quality, reliability, and beauty. The Westclox Bell Bird alarm above has a smartly designed ivory plastic case and a brown face. The Westclox Lark alarm illustrated at right can be obtained with green or black metal frame and ivory face. Both of them are available in luminous and non-luminous models. Ask to see these new Westclox alarms at good stores everywhere.

**WESTCLOX**  
*Made by the makers of*  
**BIG BEN ALARMS**

AUSTRALASIAN DISTRIBUTORS: BROWN & DUREAU LIMITED - MELBOURNE, SYDNEY, BRISBANE, ADELAIDE, PERTH AND NEW ZEALAND



# He learned about love

**D**ICK knew all about life: for Dick knew almost all there was to know about love.

It happened like this. Dick worked in an office in town. He had worked there since he left school twelve months before, and it kept him busy each Monday to Friday from nine-thirty until five and until twelve noon on three Saturdays out of four. On the fourth Dick was off.

Every fourth Saturday Dick would rise late to a large and special breakfast cooked by his mother; then, after he had collected the meat and the vegetables (Saturday duties since he was twelve), he was free—gloriously free, with anything up to eight bob in his pocket.

He would sometimes take a bus into the city (it was only one section) and look at the shops. Then he would go carefree and nonchalant to the Royal milk bar. This was the peak of Dick's day, the focal point of Saturday off. For Dick would slap down two shillings on the counter and with the cool indifference of a millionaire order a Knickerbocker Glory.

Dick was fifteen and three-quarters. His real name was Richard Oswald, but that is another story. What concerns us now is Susie.

Susie was a skating enthusiast. And the ice rink being next door to the milk bar, anybody sitting at the extreme end of the bar might enjoy a front-stall view of skaters filing into the rink. Dick always sat at the extreme end of the bar.

Saturday morning was members' morning. The public was admitted, too, but to skate alongside the privileged meant admission at four shilling instead of the usual two-and-six, hire of skates at two-and-six instead of eighteenpence—plus the humiliation of hired black boots instead of the white-kid elegance of the elect.

Not that Dick knew these things; he only knew that while he sat high on the milk bar stool, sipping at a Knickerbocker Glory or a Pineapple Soda and watching, with mild interest, the constant stream through adjacent doors of youths and girls, skates slung shoulder high, all the world belonged to him. And it felt pretty good, owning the world.

At one time, Dick would reach the milk bar about eleven-thirty, but he found himself perching up on that high stool earlier and earlier. Maybe it was because it was pleasant just to sit and dream. Or maybe it was on account of Susie. He knew she was called that because one day a big car pulled up outside the rink and a small girl with plaits hopped out, skates swung in hand. She gave a little hoppy walk towards the chrome doors of the rink, then looked back casually and called, "Susie!"

And through the open door of the car came two long, slim legs followed by a few inches of white pleated skirt, a blue sweater, then a smile, a tip-tilted nose, blue eyes big as saucers, and a mop of fair hair. She leaned back into the car, pulled a coat, sky-colored, about her shoulders, and twinkled across the pavement through the entrance to the ice rink.

Dick let the blob of ice-cream in his soda melt before he really recovered. Suddenly it didn't feel so good to own the world: suddenly he didn't own the world at all. He was merely Dick, who worked for thirty bob a week, gave ten up for keep, saved ten, and kept ten for fares and self. And ten for fares and self equalled hollow laughter when life suddenly suggested a girl like Susie.

Dick had to be content with just a look for quite a few Saturdays off. Then life took on sudden impetus for Dick. First, there was the new suit. One night, his mother ruffled his hair and kissed his nose, just as if he were still a kid at school, and said that the ten bob a week for keep hadn't gone to keep at all. It had gone, with dad's agreement,

into a little box; and that little box was labelled "New Suit For Dick."

They raided the box and found there was just enough for a suit, and on Saturday morning they all went off to Petersons' Stores to choose it. Mum said the coat was a bit long, but would allow for growth.

They let Dick choose the tie. Dad couldn't see it went with the suit at all, and Mum said wasn't it a bit loud, but Dick didn't expect them to understand about current fashion.

Rather shyly, then, he suggested treating them to an ice-cream soda. His mother was rather in favor of Petersons' soda fountain, but Dick voted hastily for the milk bar.

"You get a better soda there," he explained.

They sat, the three of them, at the far end of the bar, the end with a good view of the entrance to the ice rink. Dick's mother tackled her ice-cream soda with slow appreciation and his father looked as if something stronger might be in his line. Dick scarcely touched his Knickerbocker Glory and seemed a bit absent-minded.

"What's the matter, son?" his father said. "You're like a cat on hot bricks."

But Dick was watching a girl step out of a big car, a girl in a white skirt and blue sweater, topped by a blue coat. There was a small girl, too, but Dick didn't notice what she wore. His mother noticed both girls and was just about to remark on them when she realised Dick's sudden state of trance, so she didn't say anything.

Dick's father sprang the second surprise by marching Dick into a shop and demanding they should see some wristlet watches.

"But, Dad!" protested Dick.

His father smiled.

"You've been a good boy," he said. "And your mother and I agreed if you stuck out

giving up for keep and having six months without a grumble you should have a new suit and a watch. It's your own money, son. We want you to realise its value, that's all. But from now on, it's back to routine. And don't you forget it."

Something stuck in Dick's throat as the watch was strapped on his wrist. It looked pretty good as he thrust his wrist out from its new cuff. Dick couldn't help wishing Susie could see him.

It was another four weeks before he saw Susie again. This Saturday he was at the milk bar before it opened, and the moment a surprised attendant pulled back the bolts, Dick was inside and on the corner stool.

He was outside two ice-cream sodas and a chocolate sundae before the big car drew up. This time, no small girl stepped out, only Susie. She said something to the driver,

who touched his cap, and the car drove off. Then Susie turned sharp left, skates in hand, and marched into the milk bar.

Dick's heart did peculiar things. It leapt into his mouth, turned somersaults, righted itself, then beat with the violence and persistence of a home-made time-bomb. By the time Susie had settled herself comfortably on the next high stool, all powers of concentration had gone and his tongue felt too big for his mouth.

Susie turned to Dick. "What's good?" she asked.

A voice spoke from the far distance. It must have been Dick's: "A Knickerbocker Glory. I almost always have a Knickerbocker Glory."

Susie smiled. Evidently she had heard the voice despite its distance. She gave her order, then, "I've seen you," she said. "You had your people with you last time, didn't you? Usually you are alone."

Dick wanted to die for very gratitude. She had seen him. She felt as he did, and she

*Triumphantly, if rather unsteadily, Dick skated off with Susie.*

had the courage at their first meeting almost to admit it. He spoke huskily. "Even with them," he said, "I am alone."

Susie looked sympathetic. "Have you got a cold?" she asked. "I always take . . ."

But Dick never learned what she took for a cold because the Knickerbocker

Glory arrived, and really it was rather good. Dick, after rapid calculation, ordered one for himself and, with a magnificent gesture, paid for them both. It left him with fourpence in his pocket. He prayed Susie would not fancy another. But Susie had other plans.

"Why don't you come skating, Dick?" she asked. She had soon found out, as women do, that his name was Dick.

"I promised to lunch with my people," said Dick.

But six years of Sunday school and an occasional whacking from his father had instilled Truth in Dick, and he admitted later that he was in a job and had only every fourth Saturday off. Susie was impressed. She blinked saucer eyes at him.

"Why, Dick!" she said. It made Dick feel extremely big business.

Dick arranged they should go skating four weeks from that day.

The problem was, Dick couldn't skate, and, apart from overcoming that obvious difficulty, there was the question of hard cash. He couldn't ask Dad for an advance, not after the suit and the watch.

One evening on spectator's admission of one shilling he called in at the ice rink. He had intended to ask one of the instructors what chance there was of learning to skate in less than four weeks and at a minimum cost.

*Please turn to page 41*







These lissome-light "Youthlyne" Foundations by Berlei control and support your figure with a deftness that only inspired design and clever cut can achieve. Each a cunning creation of lovely elasticised fabrics . . . pre-tested to wear and wear without loss of shape. Oh, yes, you'll love your "Youthlyne" . . . especially with one of the many Bras by Berlei to top off your superb new line. Your favourite store will be pleased to give you a personal fitting.

Illustrated is "Youthlyne" 6088 (one of a range designed for slim to medium figures). The Bra is a "Hollywood-Maxwell" made by Berlei.



*Form, Fit and Freedom...*

Yours when you wear a

**Berlei**

True-to-Type Foundation



## *Reue Suggests* WASHING FROCKS

● Lilac linen, at left, makes a perfect summer washing dress featuring a flying wedge neckline, front button closing, and skirt fullness falling from pockets.

● Green cotton or linen, at far left, has a low-cut neckline and tiny slit sleeves edged with black stitching. Skirt is flared, with double inverted pleat.

● Fine yellow cotton, at left, forms a midriff style with low V-neckline edged with buttons and buttonholes. The skirt is just comfortably full and the sleeves are very tiny and cool.

● Black linen, at left, is made into a coat-type dress and has a wide stiffened collar of plaid cotton or seersucker and a burst of matching pleats in the very slightly flared skirt.

● Grey linen is done in the simplest style, buttoning from neck to hem on one side so that it opens out for ironing. The one-sided collar, cuffs, and pocket tops are of white pique.

● Blue-and-white striped cotton has a wide-peaked collar edged with white pique to match the pocket tops. It buttons in front, has a fairly wide skirt, but is still easily launderable.

● Green-and-white spotted cotton makes a straight tailored dress, with high pulled-up collar, buttoned front, and cuffed magyar sleeves. Two huge box pleats on the front of skirt turn into pockets which are buttoned over.

● Red-and-black spotted linen makes a simple dress, unbuttoning right down the front for easy ironing. The open-necked wide collar, pocket tops, and cuffs are stiffened with the finest of canvas.



*Reue*





### CUTEX Fashionable Colours Are Inspiring

• Though they may not express it in so many words, most men are inspired by the beauty of well-manicured hands.

You'll love (and so will he) the heavenly shades of stay-perfect CUTEX polish, and the appealing beauty it gives your hands.

It's so easy to apply CUTEX polish . . .  
It dries quickly and wears so well!



A.C. 11-18

## For all minor accidents— YOU NEED Elastoplast



IN THE HANDY  
RED TIN

This adhesive dressing stays comfortably where you put it because it's elastic and stretches with your skin. Each dressing has a soothing, protective medicated pad, and is flesh-coloured and inconspicuous. Various sizes and shapes of dressing—all in the one tin! At chemists everywhere.

CUTS  
WOUNDS

BLISTERS

ABRASIONS

Sized and shaped for every need

## Elastoplast

FIRST AID DRESSINGS

S.T.R.E.T.C.H-E-S WITH THE SKIN  
A product of T. J. Smith & Nephew Ltd., Hull, England.



**BENEATH THE WILLOWS** which overhang one of the lakes in spacious Centennial Park, Sydney, a group of city girls enjoy a rest after a canter along the specially prepared paths in the park. The ponies come from one of the many riding schools which provide for the young week-end riders.



**YOUNG CYCLISTS** have a spell on lawns of Centennial Park, Sydney, where they can enjoy the equivalent of a country ride along palm-edged paths. In all capitals, vigilant citizens are always ready to protect the parks from any demands that will reduce their city's breathing space.



**SATURDAY AFTERNOON PASTIME** on the North Parklands, near Hackney Bridge, S.A., is the intriguing old-world sport of archery.



**IN FITZROY GARDENS**, Melbourne, a model English village of houses, farms, and churches is a very popular attraction for the children.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — October 22, 1949





**TAME DUCKS** which feed from the visitors' hands are one of the many attractions in Queen's Gardens, Perth, a lovely park set out effectively with small lakes and ornamental bridges.



**A PLACE IN THE SUN** is assured for a weary Sydneysider in Hyde Park, which, with its green lawns, colorful flower beds, and blossoming trees, is an oasis right in the heart of the city.

## Breathing Space



**SUNBAKING** on the sunny grasslands of Centennial Park, Sydney, a couple enjoy the Sunday papers and relax in spirit far from the crowded city, though actually only ten minutes' distance from it.

**HUNDREDS** of thousands of Australians are forced by circumstances to work and live in crowded cities, missing much of their natural heritage of sunshine and fresh air.

However, on the outskirts—and even in the heart—of all these cities many acres have been set aside in which the city dwellers, in their leisure hours, find pleasant breathing space.



**ART STUDENTS** find inspiration for their sketching in Newstead Park, Brisbane, with picturesque Breakfast Creek in background.



**WEEK-END EXERCISE** for father and airing for two small sons, who take it easy in their bike stroller as they travel along a picturesque lakeside in the wide expanse of Centennial Park, Sydney, the popular and accessible resort of thousands of children.



**SCHOOLBOYS** from crowded areas enjoy the pleasures of the countryside as they net tiddlers among the water-lilies on one of the several lakes in Centennial Park, Sydney.





# Nylons

BY **Prestige**

No extravagant superlatives are needed to describe the fine qualities of Prestige Nylons. They are true in the three essential points . . . length of leg . . . foot size . . . and over-all comfort in fitting. Extra re-inforcing in feet and welts give your Prestige Nylons longer hosiery life. Only in Prestige Nylons do you obtain all these important advantages. You can easily recognise a Prestige Nylon by the letter "P" which always appears in the welt.



ALSO MAKERS OF EXCLUSIVE LINGERIE, BRASSIERES AND FABRICS  
ALL GENUINE **Prestige** PRODUCTS ARE BRANDED **Prestige**





● For the teenager this white net frock is made with strapless bodice ruffled across the top. The skirt is very full. For arriving at the party and going home the little ruffled cape makes a charming addition to the frock.



● Gossamer-fine organdie makes the beautifully simple gown, above. It is trimmed with blue eyelet embroidery to give it a touch of color on the tucked bodice and graceful semi-full skirt. The triangular scarf can tie round shoulders.

● Ankle-length is an excellent idea for a white frock, as shown at left. The bodice is of white pique with white enamel and rhinestone buttons. The full skirt of spotted net floats out charmingly while dancing. It is worn over a simple cotton petticoat.

## Young in white

● Nothing is so young and fresh and cool for dancing on a hot, sticky, summer night as a flimsy white gown. The styles shown here are by New York designers who cater specially for summer conditions much the same as we have in Australia. They are ideal for teenagers or young matrons.

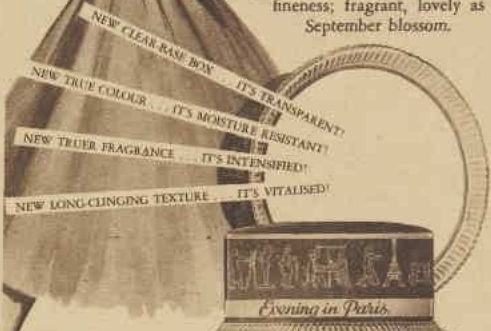
## Complexion Preview

THE New "EVENING IN PARIS" FACE POWDER  
IN THE New CLEAR-BASE "PREVIEW" BOX.



So new, so smart, every woman will want this exquisite.

little dressing-table box, exclusive to Bourjois, that shows you Evening in Paris Face Powder in your exact shade, clear through the special "Preview" plastic base! INSIDE — a new "Evening in Paris" complexion powder, jet-spun for super-fineness; fragrant, lovely as September blossom.



Evening in Paris

In Rachel, Deep Rachel, Natural, Peaches, Peach Tan, Suntan, only 4/9  
Happy thought... it makes a dainty pin-tray afterwards.

BY BOURJOIS

Try this safe effective deodorant



Millions of women prefer ODO-RO-NO cream because . . . ODO-RO-NO gives complete protection from underarm perspiration and odour for as long as 1 to 3 days . . .  
ODO-RO-NO does not irritate the skin . . .  
ODO-RO-NO does not stain clothes . . .  
ODO-RO-NO always stays creamy in the jar.



PROTECT YOUR  
DAINTINESS WITH  
ODO-RO-NO

THE PERFECT CREAM DEODORANT

A.O. 4-12



For 'tween-season

# Changeability!



You'll be warm when it's cool and  
cool when it's warm — in your

## Eagley Softaspun

Men with a wise eye to health  
and comfort appreciate protection against  
coldish changes and unexpected warm

spells. With its form fitting elasticity, perfect  
absorption and snug softness, Eagley Softaspun  
Underwear is the most comfortable of all cotton  
interlock fabrics. It's softer even than velvet and  
will not chafe the tenderest skin. It's run-proof,  
boil-proof and guaranteed by the famous name of Eagley.

COTTON INTERLOCK  
**UNDERWEAR**

A STYLE TO SUIT YOUR PREFERENCE

Short-sleeved singlet  
and ankle-length  
underpants. Soft,  
snug fitting, and  
light — in famous  
Eagley Softaspun.



Athletic vests and  
multi-featured  
trunks, elastic waist,  
three-button lap-over  
front and balloon  
seat for extra  
freedom.



**EAGLEY ELIMINATOR**

The Briefer Brief with the greater support  
eliminates fatigue and ensures all-day  
comfort.

"Soft as a fleecy cloud—  
is not spoiled if boiled"

**AT ALL LEADING STORES**

EAGLEY MILLS, COLLINGWOOD, VICTORIA



# Royal honeymooners go hand-in-hand to Capri



ROSE-PETAL SHOWER for the Countess of Harewood as she left the reception at St. James' Palace following her wedding. The Earl is stooping to pass under the windows in the background.

## An unusual gathering clinked glasses at Harewood wedding

By ANNE MATHESON of our London staff

The Earl and Countess of Harewood, young, rich, and very much in love, have captured the hearts of romantics, as, pursued by photographers, their Continental honeymoon takes them in stages to the Isle of Capri.

Often hand-in-hand, and never standoffish, they did not offend even the most persistent cameraman by their rebuke, when the Earl said, "Haven't you ever had a honeymoon? Well, try one!"

ALL the world loves a Cinderella story, and the English Earl and his fairy-tale bride provided the best one for years.

A Royal bridegroom, a thousand guests including Royalty, a priceless collection of wedding gifts, one of the loveliest homes in England, and a handsome fortune . . . all these came to 22-year-old Marion Donata Stein, when in a brocaded gown and bridal veil worn by her Royal mother-in-law, she said "I will" to the grandson of a king.

It was the most astonishing wedding any could remember.

The tiny flat in which the bride dressed is not a mile from the palace in which, as Countess of Harewood, she received good wishes from as varied a collection of guests as ever clinked champagne glasses.

For most people there is no route

between their own front door and the red carpet to a Royal residence.

Quite by accident, refugee Marion Stein found the way.

She had studied music, was a concert pianist, lived in a world whose hierarchy was made up of the brilliant composers and musicians of the age. Into this world, wartime Guards officer, ex-prisoner of war, the Royal Earl moved. It was soon plain they were in love.

With the King's consent, and a notice in the London "Gazette," the engagement was announced.

From that moment Marion seemed to grow more lovely, with a poise, dignity, and radiance that few could match and everyone in and out of Court circles envied.

Included among her wedding guests were people from musical circles, the family's former cook from Vienna, and a young aunt and her husband, Dr. and Mrs. Konrad Vidal, from Hamburg.

The bridegroom's guest list read like Debrett's with the addition of his musical circle.

Yet there was a warm family atmosphere as the guests, most of whom were largely strangers to one another, gathered in the tapestry-hung rooms, lit with great gold candleabra, at St. James' Palace.

Any shyness was soon dispelled by the easy, friendly ways of the Royal Family as they moved about the long rooms, greeting friends.

The new Countess of Harewood, untroubled, gay, and gracious, received with the Earl the good wishes of the guests, and cut the four-tier cake that was decorated with musical motifs.

On the honeymoon a charmed



LEAVING THE CHURCH. The Earl and Countess of Harewood were greeted by cheering crowds and a barrage of photographers as they left St. Mark's Church, London, after their wedding. The King and Queen travelled from Balmoral to attend the ceremony.

Paris, accustomed to making every girl feel a princess, brought an even more dazzling smile to the bride's lips.

In this city for lovers, Parisians lost no time in recording that the Earl had said: "You look lovely today, Marion," as they strolled along the boulevards.

A bevy of film stars at the same hotel were puzzled that the photographers were not bothering with them, and even the great Garbo in the next room was overlooked.

Flying on to Milan, to Venice, and farther south as the days shorten, the Earl and the Countess are gathering a host of admirers by their naturalness and charm.

Back in England, the Countess will continue her musical studies, but not for concert-platform work.

As chataine of Harewood House, she will have a full-time job. First task will be unpacking presents that include a barrel organ from the Earl's editor.

Wedding presents from the King and Queen and the Princess Royal will come later when the young couple decide what they want.

Since they are only eleven in succession to the Throne, the Cinderella story seems complete, for they will have few of the responsibilities of Royalty, and many of its privileges.



BRIDAL ATTENDANTS. The bride's school-friend, Catherine Shanks, and musical friend, Lydia Brennan, were bridesmaids. Junior attendants were Davina Lloyd (6), Sarah Lanyon (1), and Malcolm Forbes (2).

### OUR COVER

OUR cover this week is a painting by staff artist John Mills of his four-year-old daughter, Jane, playing with his paints and palette. Jane, like most children, adores getting among his painting gear, and has more than once spoilt one of his unfinished pictures. He made quick sketches for this picture when Jane was quite unaware she was being watched, and then posed her and took photographs. She thought the posing was all done to entertain her.



# Editorial

OCTOBER 22, 1949

## EX-SERVICE MIGRANTS

**M**OST welcome of migrant ships is the Somersetshire.

Its shipload of British ex-servicemen with their families is the first to arrive under the Returned Soldiers' League sponsorship scheme.

It is natural that many Britishers should wish to exchange the austerities and anxieties of life in England for the sunshine and abundance here. And who has more right to come than the stalwarts who helped to preserve the cherished right to move round the world at will?

These latest arrivals are the best kind of new Australians. They have no language barrier to overcome—those county accents are evocative of pride and affection in most Australians—and they share the same history, traditions, and standards.

Even so, they have some problems of assimilation.

They will meet people who feel that no more migrants should be brought here until all Australians are well housed, and who frankly demand preference for Australians in any competition for jobs.

They will have some disappointments to get over. Many are going to the country and will perhaps be shocked to find the dusty plains, the burning heat, and lonely distances, so different from the green villages of England.

Yet, they will probably come to love this wide brown land as dearly as did their pioneer forefathers. Every Australian should have a welcoming and helping hand out to bring that about as early as possible.

# GEORGE ELIOT: She defied convention

## FAMOUS WOMEN

**T**HE year in which Queen Victoria was born, there was also born a farmer's daughter destined to become one of the greatest of English novelists. She was Mary Ann Evans, best remembered by her pen-name—George Eliot.

In later years, Queen Victoria read and enjoyed some of George Eliot's books, but she would never have condescended to meet their author.

For, though George Eliot's life with George Henry Lewes was as harmonious and respectable as that of any conventional Victorians, George Eliot and Lewes were never married.

At a time when England's social and moral code was at its strictest, they lived together for 20 years.

Lewes was already married to an unfaithful wife. When he and the 35-year-old Miss Evans decided to live together the step was not taken lightly. Both knew it would mean that they would cut themselves off from many friends. They did not perhaps realise just how many snubs they would have to endure.

It was perhaps because of those snubs that, when Lewes died, she took the odd step of marrying a man 20 years her junior. Naturally the people who had come to recognise the true worth of her association with Lewes were shocked at this marriage.

The viewpoint of the others—those who had been shocked at her life with Lewes—was epitomised in the action of her brother. He never spoke or wrote to her while she lived with Lewes, but when she died soon after her marriage he was chief mourner at her funeral!

Mary Ann Evans was the child of Robert Evans, a 47-year-old Warwickshire farmer. She was a plain little girl, with a thirst for learning, and deeply religious. Her mother died when she was a child, and as soon as she left school she began to housekeep for her father.

Her brother Isaac married, and father and daughter moved to Coventry, where Marian, as she now called herself, met Charles Bray, a wealthy ribbon maker, and his family.

Free-thinkers themselves, the Brays were surrounded by a circle of friends who believed only when proof was obtainable.

Influenced by them, Marian began to question her hitherto staunch religious beliefs. Religion she still accepted, but Church doctrines she rejected. Much serious reading culminated in her refusal to go to church with her father, a decision which nearly broke the old man's heart. It was only after the Brays and other friends had persuaded her that she was being unkind to her father that she gave in.

Soon after, she met the author of one of the works which had influenced her changed outlook on religion—Charles Hennell. He was the first man with whom she fell in love, but his fancy soon switched to

the pretty Rufa Brabant, whom he married.

So the years of her youth slipped by until Marian, at 30, with her father dead, found herself lonely.

Then she met John Chapman, editor of the "Westminster Review," who offered her the post of assistant editor. She moved to London to live with the Chapmans.

Marian enjoyed the new life at first. But John Chapman was a charming philanderer. In his house, besides his wife Susanna and their two children, was the governess, Elisabeth Tilley, who was Chapman's mistress.

Bored with his wife and Elisabeth, Chapman turned to Marian as an intellectual equal. One day Mrs. Chapman discovered him holding Marian's hand in a not-so-intellectual way. Both women turned on Marian, who retreated to Coventry for two months until Chapman persuaded her to return. Astonishingly enough, she went back, to a home which from then on was happy and peaceful.

It was in 1851 that she met Herbert Spencer, the celebrated philosopher. He was the first to suggest that she should write a novel, and he also introduced George Henry Lewes to her.

Spencer found an affinity with Marian at once. Half of their friends came to the conclusion that the couple would soon be married. But although Spencer admired her conversation, her grey eyes and lovely hair, the idea of marriage did not concern him.

The meeting of Marian with George Henry Lewes would not have meant much to the London gossips, for Lewes, a clever journalist, was also "the ugliest man in London." He was very small and hairy, his skin pitted with smallpox.

## Unselfish love of man who shared her life helped her to become a great writer

Lewes, a contributor to Chapman's magazine, was an unhappy man. He had married a girl of 19 christened Agnes, but always known to him as Rosebud, and they had one child, Charles. Living at Bayswater with other families and the Thorntons Hunts, Rosebud had fallen in love with Thornton, who became the father of two children. Under the peculiar circumstances of the household Lewes felt himself responsible, whatever happened, for providing for his errant wife and all the children, even though only one was his.

When in 1854 he found he loved Marian, he told her that he would never be able to divorce his wife.

To Marian, Lewes was "kind and



GEORGE ELIOT at the age of 30, painted by Francois d'Albert Durade.

attentive, a man of heart and conscience." She determined to flout the code of her age.

Marian wrote non-committal letters, saying she was going abroad, and in mid-July Marian and Lewes left for Berlin. In the eight months that they were abroad, the 35-year-old Marian realised that at last she had someone who could look after her, someone who had the same interests. Together they did research on Goethe, on whose life Lewes was writing a book.

Three months after leaving England Marian wrote a long and serious letter to her friends the Brays.

"It is possible that you have already heard a report prevalent in London that Mr. Lewes has 'run away' from his wife and family. Since we left England he has been in correspondence with his wife; she has had all the money due to him in London; and his children are his principal thought and anxiety. He has never contemplated separation as a total release from responsibility towards her.

"Many silly myths are already afloat about me, in addition to the truth which of itself would be thought matter for scandal. If you can hear of anything that I have said, done, or written in relation to Mr. Lewes beyond the simple fact that I am attached to him, and that I am living with him, do me the justice to believe that it is false.

"I am quite prepared to accept the consequences of a step which I have deliberately taken, and to accept them without irritation or bitterness. The most painful consequences will, I know, be the loss of friends."

She little knew how true that was. Her brother Isaac disowned her, her sister Chrissie did not have anything to do with her for years. Worst of all, the intelligent, free-thinking Brays were shocked to the core by Marian daring to put the ideas they had taught her into practice.

When Marian and George returned to England they lived quietly in

semi-seclusion, Lewes writing Sea-side Studies for Blackwood's Magazine, and Marian dallying with the thought of fiction writing. In 1856 Marian woke up one morning and told George that she had dreamt about a story called "The Sad Fortunes of the Reverend Amos Barton."

"A capital title!" pronounced Lewes, urging her to put the story on paper.

So in that year Marian began a series of sketches drawn from her own observation of the clergy, which she called "Scenes from Clerical Life." Diffident of using her own name, she thought of the name which became famous, "George Eliot," George because it was Lewes' name, Eliot "because it was a good mouth-filling, easily pronounced word."

Lewes took the manuscript to Blackwood, the publisher, refusing to tell him who George Eliot was.

Blackwood accepted it, paying George Eliot 50 guineas for the first part.

In 1859 "Adam Bede" was published. The manuscript carried the dedication, "To my dear husband, George Henry Lewes, I give the manuscript of a work which would never have been written but for the happiness which his love has conferred on my life."

Those words were the truth. In Lewes Marian found someone to lean on, a man who protected her from criticism and gave up many of his own pleasures and interests to help her career.

She wrote of him: "Mr. Lewes is kept in continual distraction by having to attend to my wants—going with me to the libraries and poking about everywhere on my behalf—I having very little self-help about me of the pushing and inquiring kind."

Interest in the identity of the new author grew. Dickens was one of the few who guessed that George Eliot was a woman.

At last the secret was revealed to the astonished Blackwood, and soon something happened that finally made it known to the world. An obscure countryman, a Mr. Liggins, was claimed by neighbors to be the author and he did not deny it.

Letters supporting this theory were published in "The Times." Some of the writers denounced Blackwood as receiving profits which he withheld from Liggins. It was all very annoying to Blackwood, as well as to Marian and Lewes.

The truth had to come out.

Continued on page 23

## HOW TO FIND A HOME

**N**O section of any newspaper is scanned more anxiously to-day than that which advertises homes to let or for sale, and there is no more comprehensive cover of properties offering than that shown in the new Classified Advertising section of the Daily Telegraph each Wednesday.

Many families urgently in need of housing have found what they wanted through this section, which has already resulted in an enormous volume of business.

The section covers far more than homes. Its columns feature:—

- Real Estate and Businesses for Sale.
- Auction Sales.
- Businesses for Sale or Wanted.
- Flats To Let or Wanted to Rent.
- Houses and Land Wanted to Buy or Sell.
- Station and Country Properties For Sale.

These columns are well worth watching for bargains and investments of all kinds and serve as a valuable guide to current values. Make sure you have the Daily Telegraph each Wednesday morning and be first in the market for the home, flat, business or property you want.

## IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY



By GUS





**CUP FASHIONS.** Mrs. W. S. McDermott (left) and Mrs. Clive Carney attend Randwick races in clothes they will pack when they leave for Melbourne next Monday to attend Cup. Mrs. Carney's frock featured new flying panel and was in pale lilac bubble crepe, and Mrs. McDermott wore beige gabardine suit with leaf-green straw hat.

## Intimate Gittings

**LULL** in Sydney's social whirl after gay and exhausting weeks of races and parties. Time for everyone to draw breath, settle their wardrobe problems before warm weather comes upon us, and time for those who are off to Melbourne for the Cup festivities to pack the woollen suit—just in case.

Better not be a peep out of Sydney visitors about the weather when they visit Victoria, as our friends from the south could be very rude about our inclement New South Wales climate this year.

Surprisingly few Victorians come to Sydney for this Spring Meeting; in fact, since war days there doesn't seem to be the great coming and going between States as there was in the good old days.

Lots of well-known Sydney people give Cup a miss this year, and will organise their parties here to listen to the racing event of the year.

Attractive Cynthia Douglass will trek off with her husband, Mr. Herbert Douglass, to stay at the Windsor Hotel. She will pack lovely model clothes bought during recent trip abroad, and which she wore at Randwick at Spring Meeting.



**FIVE PRETTY GIRLS.** Rosemary Allen, of Cooma (left), Francis Horton-Browne, of Young, Jennifer Street, Ann Litchfield, of Cooma, and Judith Allen, Cooma, lunch at Prince's when country lasses are in town for race festivities. Ann has had series of parties to felicitate her upon engagement to Jim Maslin, of Gunningham, Bembala.



**PLANNING MARRIAGE IN FEBRUARY.** Judy Cooper and fiance, John MacDiarmid. Judy, who is daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Allan Cooper, of Rosemont, Edgecliff, and John plan marriage in middle of February. John is son of Mr. and Mrs. F. M. MacDiarmid, of Burra, Queanbeyan.



**DOWN FROM SCONE.** Anne and Laurie Morgan snapped at Randwick on Ladies' Day. Couple come down from stud property, Redbank, Scone, and stay at Australia.

WITH well-marked race book, Len Darby, formerly Surgeon-Commander with R.A.N., moved about Randwick Racecourse having fine time renewing Sydney acquaintanceships. Len and his attractive wife Dorothy are reversing the usual procedure, and are down from Surfers' Paradise for Sydney holiday. They have a flat at Hampton Court, and will return to Surfers', which is now their permanent home, soon.

**UNUSUAL** name of Shireen is chosen by Margaret and Gerry Hewson for their baby daughter, who was christened at All Saints' Church, Woollahra. Godmothers are Betty Field and Betty Goodwin, and Fin Munro is baby's godfather. Betty Field arrives back from Melbourne, where she stayed at Menzies' with brothers Tom and Ross for Melbourne Show, in time to be present at christening. Margaret and Gerry have family christening party in afternoon following ceremony, which is performed by Rev. Connolly, and then couple have buffet supper for young friends in evening.

"LONG white pair of gloves tops my shopping list," writes Barbara Taylor to her mother, Mrs. Doug Lotherington, of Elizabeth Bay. Barbara and John return to London from honeymoon spent at Lygon Arms, Broadway, Worcestershire, in time for ceremony where John receives his new degree in gynaecology. Barbara, and John's father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. P. J. Taylor, accompany him to ceremony, and then the Taylors dash off to catch the boat-train, as they leave on the Orontes for home on the same day. Barbara and John follow in the Otranto, and will stop at Perth, where John will enter practice with Dr. Bruce Hunt, who is old buddy from P.O.W. days, and with whom John was on the Burma railway. Barbara's little daughter, Elizabeth Anne Cater, will join her mother in Perth early in the new year. She has been staying with her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Lotherington, during Barbara's absence in London.

**NEW** residents for North Shore line . . . Bonnie and Chris Langworth, of Warracree, have baby daughter, born at Mater Hospital, North Sydney . . . Peter and "Ronnie" Stephenson also in the news for birth of a daughter at King George V Hospital. Both couples have recently changed their addresses and moved into new homes.

**NEWS** from here and there. Johnnie Johnston is bringing home divine Paris model evening dress of watermelon-pink handkerchief linen, I hear. "Has a terrific skirt and tiny tucked bodice," she says. Johnnie returns to Sydney in the Himalaya . . . Well-known sheepman from Warren, Harold Wass, and his wife, formerly "Jimmy" Green, are touring the Continent and next will head for America, where Harold will look over sheep breeding methods . . . Exciting moment for the Claydon Neaves, of Killara, just after their arrival in London, when they had reunion party with Brian, Elizabeth and Bill Kelly. The Kelly family (now grown up) evacuated to Sydney during the war and lived with the Neaves for three years.

**PRETTY** little country lass Ella Evans shyly flashes diamond solitaire engagement ring when she tells me she is engaged to Martin O'Brien during recent visit to Sydney. Ella is second daughter of the Roy Evans, of Cantara, Carinda, and she and her mother stay with Ella's uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. P. J. Byrne, of Willoughby, during their time in Sydney.

**RECENTLY** returned from finishing school in Switzerland, Carolyn Fairfax lunches at Romano's with her grandmother, Mrs. David Wilson. Carolyn is living in Sydney with her father, Mr. Warwick Fairfax.

**BACK** from honeymoon at Palm Beach are Betty and Ian McKellar, who were married recently at Methodist Church, Rose Bay. Betty is only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Paul, of Rose Bay.



**ENGAGEMENT PARTY** for Roberta Kirk and Dennis James when Roberta's parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Kirk, of Rose Bay, entertain at Royal Motor Yacht Club, Dennis son of the Willie James, of Cronulla.



**COMMITTEE MEMBERS.** Mrs. Mark Burnett (standing), with Mrs. A. Streber at meeting of International Art Treasures Exhibition, which will be held at the Adult Deaf and Dumb Society from this Wednesday till November 2.



**HOME AGAIN** after year abroad are Bill and Phil Lewis. Couple, who live at Palm Beach, spent most of their holiday in London, but visited Paris and Rome and attended Edinburgh Festival. While in London they lived in flat in Kensington.



Proved by women everywhere

# NEW RINSO

## BEST FOR EVERYTHING



...because there's **NEW MAGIC**  
in **RINSO's THICKER RICHER SUDS**



NEW RINSO IS USED BY MORE WOMEN THAN ANY OTHER WASHING PRODUCT IN THE WORLD

## CORTISONE . . . for rheumatic disease

By JOHN E. PFEIFFER

Hollywood could not have produced a more tense atmosphere than that evoked at the Waldorf Astoria Hotel in New York, when 500 doctors heard the story of cortisone, the drug that can bring relief to arthritic sufferers.

"Stars of the moment were Drs. Philip S. Hench, Edward C. Kendall, Charles H. Slocumb, and Howard F. Polley of the Mayo Clinic in Rochester, Minn., U.S.A.

THE audience had assembled for a session of the Seventh International Congress of Rheumatic Diseases.

And the gathering saw one of the most exciting motion pictures ever made—a color film showing results of the first use of compound E or cortisone, an effective new hormone for rheumatoid arthritis.

For about 15 minutes the audience watched a series of amazing before-and-after pictures. The film showed Dr. Hench examining a 61-year-old physician who was so badly crippled that he'd given up his practice and had been walking on crutches for the past seven months. Asked to rise from his chair, the man braced his feet, placed his hands on the seat and gamely managed to push himself into an upright position.

Grimaces of pain passed across his face when he accidentally put too much weight on his swollen toes, or when the doctor barely touched one of his swollen finger joints.

Then the movie showed the same patient three days later, after only three injections of the new drug. He got up from a chair with no trouble at all and walked back and forth briskly.

Later, a broad grin on his face, he ran up and down a series of stairs as if he'd never been sick.

Equally impressive pictures showed an elderly housewife trying to cross a hospital room. Her face was a pathetic mixture of bewilderment, unhappiness, and pain. She barely managed to creep a few steps without help. But a few days later she was walking easily with only the slightest trace of a limp.

After a few more cases of this sort the film was over. Dr. Hench returned to his seat with the applause of a large medical audience (usually the most reserved of all audiences) ringing in his ears.

Dr. Kendall, the bio-chemist of the Mayo Clinic team, and a world authority on hormones, was the next speaker. He announced that "17-hydroxy-11-dehydrocorticosterone," the new drug's scientific name, was an extract from the adrenal glands, two yellowish organs about the size of the segments of a small orange and perched like three-cornered hats on the top of each kidney.

Dr. Kendall explained how he had obtained the new hormone in relatively pure form more than 13 years ago, when there was only enough to perform a few routine tests on mice and rats. Then he made the first announcement of compound E's new official title—cortisone.

Then five of the United States' leading arthritis experts followed each other to the rostrum and, one by one, quietly confirmed the results of the Mayo Clinic group.

Several months ago they'd been invited to the Mayo Clinic to see what cortisone could do, and each of them had left with enough of the hormone for tests on two patients. Now they were reporting their own findings, and the unanimous verdict was a go-ahead for cortisone.

Not only did the specialists check Dr. Hench's work, but they used words that are supposed to appear only in far-fetched headlines—"one of the most significant medical discoveries of our generation," "a monumental work," "the importance of this research cannot be over-estimated."

Why were the experts so enthusiastic? Only 26 arthritis patients have been reported on to date, 16 of them at the Mayo Clinic—and there's a hard-and-fast rule in medicine that nothing is proved until it's been tried on hundreds or thousands of patients. Furthermore, rheumatoid arthritis or chronic rheumatism of the joints has been one of the most prevalent and least understood of all mankind's afflictions.

The insidious disease usually starts with inflammation and swelling in one or two joints, often in the fingers and toes, and gradually spreads to other parts of the body. Joint-surrounding tissues, including bone and muscle, are destroyed by a hitherto mysterious process.

Official medical statistics don't list arthritis victims separately, but the U.S. has nearly three million sufferers from all rheumatic diseases. They are of all ages and of both sexes.

The history of arthritis is marked by a long list of treatments that might have worked but didn't.

The effectiveness of cortisone takes on an even greater significance in the light of a long record of medical frustration.

If the substance had worked on only half a dozen of the Mayo Clinic's 16 patients it would have aroused considerable interest. But Dr. Hench selected only severely stricken patients for whom other measures had failed, and intragluteal (into the buttocks) injections have brought "marked" or "very marked" improvement in every single case.

Now for the unhappy side of the story. You'll notice that the word "treatment" hasn't been mentioned in connection with cortisone—and there's a good reason. The hormone doesn't cure arthritis any more than insulin cures diabetes. It usually has to be administered regularly or else swollen joints and other symptoms promptly reappear.

"Treatment" means that a liberal and lifelong supply must be available to each patient, but actually there isn't enough cortisone in the world to guarantee continuing doses for even the present small group of experimental patients.

Dr. Hench and his co-workers have only about a seven-day supply of the drug at any given time (less than four-tenths of an ounce).

The remarkable results reported through May of this year have been obtained at an estimated cost of 300,000 dollars. One milligram (35/1,000,000th of an ounce) is worth 8.57 dollars, which means that the cost for only three weeks of treatment is about 18,000 dollars (£2800). An important weekly event at the Mayo Clinic is the arrival of a plane bringing a precious supply of the drug from the laboratories of Merck and Company in New Jersey.

### Enormous cost

Z296WW143



## Dramatic discovery of new drug



DR. PHILIP S. HENCH, of the Mayo Clinic, who first used cortisone on human beings to treat arthritis. DR. EDWARD C. KENDALL, also of the Mayo Clinic, who first isolated cortisone, the new drug that can control arthritis if injections are given regularly.

Cortisone is one of the rarest and, measured in terms of dollars and human suffering, most valuable substances in the world. But the only known way of making it is by an intricate chemical process, the work of Dr. Kendall and Dr. Lewis H. Sarett, of the Merck Company.

Since the drug can't be obtained in sufficient amounts from animal adrenal glands, it is made from desoxycholic acid or cholic acid extracted from the gall bladder bile juices of beef cattle. About 300 gall bladders furnish 65 pounds of bile, which yield three and a half pounds of the two acids. From there on it's a long process of 37 steps and more than 60 separate chemicals.

Since each intermediate product has to be checked carefully for chemical composition and purity, the process may take several months.

When it's all done you end up with less than five ounces of cortisone, assuming an original supply of 65 pounds of bile juices.

Although other drug manufacturers are developing cortisones of their own, it may be a year or more before there's enough to treat large numbers.

The big hope, of course, is for a purely synthetic process which would be independent of limited bile-acid supplies and might start with such readily available materials as acetic acid (the substance that makes vinegar sour), benzene, and naphthalene, a chemical contained in moth-ball compounds.

For 20 years Dr. Hench has been arguing against the notion that arthritis is caused by germs.

His theory was based on a set of strange facts. For one thing, arthritic women are often markedly relieved during pregnancy. Starting round the fifth week after conception, pain tends to disappear and swelling of the joints subsides. Dr. Hench has seen this happen in more than 150 pregnancies, the relief always being followed by a discouraging return of symptoms after childbirth.

Since pregnancy is known to be accomplished by striking changes in the body's sex-hormone content (these changes, by the way, form the basis for pregnancy tests), Dr. Hench began to suspect that rheumatoid arthritis might be connected with the malfunctioning of a gland. But what gland? Injections of sex hormones from the ovaries and transfusions of the hormone-containing blood of pregnant women didn't help.

A further clue was that the liver disease hepatitis (infectious jaundice) also combats arthritis, and the virus-caused disease has been used experimentally as a last-resort

treatment, the benefits, of course, being temporary. This fact and others hinted that the affected gland might be the adrenal, which is known to exert an influence on the liver.

Modern adrenal-gland research supports this hunch.

To explain the anti-arthritis effects of such widely differing conditions Dr. Hench assumed that they caused the body to manufacture an "anti-rheumatic substance X"—which was probably an adrenal hormone. But the trip from compound X to compound E and cortisone took more than a decade and called for all Dr. Kendall's scientific ingenuity.

Each of the two small organs has a top layer of cells known as the cortex or "bark," and the yellowish fat droplets in this tissue are natural capsules packed with an arsenal of biologically important substances. During the past 20 years scientists have written more than 2000 papers describing research on the contents of those tiny droplets, and to date they've found a battery of hormones that play a vital part in human metabolism.

Three of these hormones, for example, help to convert protein to sugar and store the final product in the liver, others regulate the body's salt and water balance.

In all, the outer cell layer or cortex of the adrenal gland contains at least 28 hormones, and cortisone is one of them. Dr. Kendall extracted less than two ounces of the natural substance from cattle adrenals in 1935, but he also isolated other hormones—and the problem was to find which, if any, was Dr.

On the third day most of the patient's stiffness vanished; she was able to walk again. Before a week had passed she did three solid hours of shopping.

Another early patient, a middle-aged farmer's wife, was brought to the clinic in a wheel chair. Now she's back at home doing her daily chores. In fact, almost all the case histories read like medical believe-it-or-nots. Disabled patients whose limbs were rigid with pain are now leading practically normal lives.

What the defeat of arthritis would mean economically is shown clearly in a survey released by the Canadian Arthritis and Rheumatism Society of Ottawa. In 1947, 2,400,000 working days were lost by labor strikes; rheumatic-stricken workers lost 9,500,000 days' work, and 54,000,000 dollars in wages. The number of days lost from work in Canada that year through rheumatic diseases equalled that of an army of 30,000 continuously employed.

Medical science has not yet fully unravelled the secret of how cortisone works.

Cortisone and insulin are both hormones, but arthritis is not a hormone-deficiency disease like diabetes. Adrenal glands of arthritic patients pour normal quantities of the substance into the blood stream. But the cells of the muscles and other soft parts around the joints cannot utilise the vital materials, possibly because of the presence of some poison which is a close chemical relative of the hormone and "competes" with it for entry into the tissues. The Mayo Clinic injections may work by producing extra-high cortisone concentrations at the joints and thus "crowding out" the poisons.

Can cortisone itself produce harmful side reactions?

This question, like a good many others, isn't going to be answered finally until more cases have been studied. Dr. Hench's first patient, the young housewife, has received doses for more than six months and has shown certain signs of minor glandular upsets. Her face, normally oval-shaped, took on more rounded contours and she gained and lost weight erratically. Normal conditions were restored by halting injections.

In most cases benefits last from 36 hours to three days after the injections are stopped, and a few patients stay better for longer periods (the record is four months, but in several other cases lasted two to twelve weeks). These facts indicate that in the future a little bit of the precious drug may go a longer way.

# Matching Cotton

on every card



1/- PER CARD  
in all popular shades

# Beutron

## OPAL-GLO BUTTONS

Always Matches—Never Clashes

They boil. They dry clean.

Hot irons can't hurt them.

Each color beautifully iridescent... matching perfectly lighter or darker shades.

Other Beutron Buttons in a range of 22 colors to match every shade of material.

BEUTRON CARDIGAN BUTTONS—with special backing disc to hold button securely—are obtainable everywhere.

A product of G. Herring (Aust.) Pty. Ltd., Sydney.





# LABOR puts Women and Children *first!*

THE Labor Government has established Australia's first real and positive Social Services programme. First and foremost, it is a programme aimed to provide financial security for the women of Australia; to ease the burden of the housewife and mother should unemployment, illness or accident come to the home; to meet the needs of age and widowhood; to help ensure for every Australian child proper opportunities and care.

As steps in this programme Labor DOUBLED Child Endowment; more than TREBLED Maternity Allowances and INTRODUCED Widows' Pensions, Free Hospital Treatment, Sickness, Unemployment and other benefits designed specially to help women in the uncertainties of daily life. **ABOVE ALL, LABOR HAS MAINTAINED FULL EMPLOYMENT.**

Only with a continuance of Labor Government can you be sure that these advances in your financial security will be maintained and still further improved.



*Labor Government is humanitarian Government*

Help Labor's Election Fighting Fund. The smallest contribution counts. Send YOUR contribution NOW to the Rt. Hon. J. B. Chifley, Dr. B. V. Evatt or Senator J. I. Armstrong (Trustees), Parliament House, Canberra.

**KEEP *LABOR***  
**GOVERNING**

Authorized by W. E. Dickson, M.L.C., Parliament House, Sydney.



# TEENA

By  
HILDA TERRY  
**Fade Out**



## GEORGE ELIOT

Continued from page 18

ALWAYS the patient Lewes was beside Marian, tip-toeing past the closed door where she wrote, or sitting beside her while she read a new chapter aloud. Asked to give criticism he gave it gently, saying all the nice things first and slipping in the salient criticism unobtrusively.

With "The Mill on the Floss," the fame of George Eliot was assured, as well as the income of the household. They took trips abroad, found their financial burdens—which always included the support of Lewes' wife and her sons—easier to bear.

Marian continued to produce novels, "Silas Marner" and the less successful "Romola." Their home became a meeting place for the intellectuals of the day—but formal society was another matter.

When, in 1865, Lewes became editor of the "Fortnightly Review," he decided that he and Marian would give a large party, and ask some hundreds of people. There were days of preparation, elaborate decorations, a band in attendance—and only 20 guests came.

Poor Marian! She collapsed and spent three days in bed. Poor Lewes! He knew what the slight meant to her.

But affection and work healed the wound, and in 1869 "Middlemarch," considered her masterpiece, was published.

As the 1870's moved on, George Eliot's fame increased. Though she and Lewes were growing old, they were content. It was around this time that they met the Cross', whose friendship was to have a fateful influence.

In 1878 Lewes' health began to fail. His death, on November 23, 1878, seemed the end of Marian's life also. For weeks she would see no one.

One of the most sympathetic letter writers at this time was John Cross, son of the Cross' whom Marian and Lewes had known.

His mother had died. He and Marian sympathised with each other. Soon Marian could not do without his company or his advice.

By March of 1880 Marian and John Cross decided that they would be married. Marian was 61 and Cross 20 years younger. It could not have been a love match, but it may have been a result of a young man's admiration and an elderly woman's loneliness. Also, it most certainly was a chance for Marian to be married according to the rules of society—married in church in the conventional way—married so that no one would dare to insult her again.

She wrote to old friends:

MANY writers have been interested in George Eliot's personality. Gerald Bullitt's biography and that by Emilie and Georges Romieu are two worth reading. There is an interesting study of her in "We Write As Women," by Margaret Laurence.

"By the time you receive this letter I shall have been married to Mr. J. W. Cross, who, you know, is a friend of years, a friend much loved and trusted by Mr. Lewes, and who, now that I am alone, sees his happiness in the dedication of his life to me."

They were married on May 6, 1880, at St. George's, Hanover Square.

Charles Lewes gave Marian away, and the newly married couple left on a tour of Europe. Marian was radiantly happy. "Our life has been a chapter of delights," she wrote with a girlish gaiety.

Respectability, thought Marian, was wonderful.

A crowning touch was a letter from Isaac, the brother who had cast her off so long before.

But by December in the same year Marian fell ill. She died on December 22, 1880, after a marriage that lasted only seven months.

She was buried near Lewes' grave in Highgate Cemetery. John Cross, devoted to her in death as in life, collected her letters and wrote her biography.



the pen planned for a purpose

The new British-made Biroette Ball Point Pen, complete with cap and clip costs a mere 15/-. You'll admire the graceful lines of Biroette—a newcomer to the Biro family. You'll like it because it's so slender... fits neatly in your pocket or handbag... and so light... it glides over the paper like thistle-down. Biroette is available in three attractive colours, black, grey and maroon. The refills are specially designed for long life. You can buy as many as you want for 2/11 each. Test the Biroette today... see how effortlessly it writes.

At Stationers, Jewellers and Stores



SLEEK & LIGHT

Patent No. 122073 dated Dec. 8, 1943. Other patents pending. DE1-16

## Margaret Lockwood

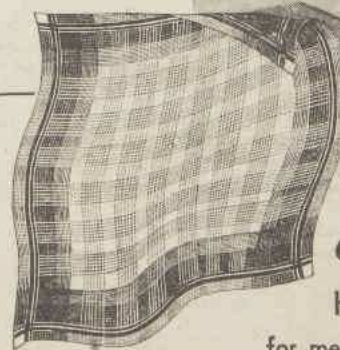
J. Arthur Rank Film Star\* always wears Grafton Handkerchiefs for smartness

The same Grafton Handkerchiefs at Margaret Lockwood wears are on sale at all leading stores throughout Australia.

\*Soon to be seen in "Look Before You Love".



They boil and boil and boil.



Grafton Handkerchiefs

for men and women



VOGUE SAYS . . .

"Sun wrinkles are easy to get and hard to iron out—protect your eyes with **good sun glasses.**"



She's wearing  
\*Polaroid 33  
Sun Glasses

take care of your  
precious beauty with

**POLAROID**

SUN GLASSES & SUNSHIELDS

Don't risk a wrinkle or a squint when you play in the noontime sun. \*POLAROID (and only \*POLAROID) Sun Glasses and Sunshields use the scientific principle of light polarization to keep out the harmful glare—yet allow you to see clearly without distortion or dimming of colours. \*POLAROID Sun Glasses and Sunshields will let you look your best—from every point of view.



\*Polaroid 88 Clip-over Sunshield



\*Polaroid Day Driving Visor scientifically stops reflected glare.

Drive more easily and safely—arrive fresh and relaxed—when you SEE the road through a \*Polaroid Day Driving Visor.

Sold by Opticians, Chemists, Garages, Sports and General Stores.  
Aust. Agents: A. J. Dawson Pty. Ltd., Crown and Stanley Bldg., Sydney.  
\*Registered Trade Mark of Polaroid Corp., Cambridge, Mass., U.S.A.  
Pat. in U.S.A., U.K., E. Africa, Aust. and other countries.



LORD MAYOR O'DEA, wearing a festive orchid, is greeted by newly crowned Hawaiian King, Sam M. Fuller. Bearers carry sceptres that are symbol of King's office. Coronation ceremony is repeated in Aloha Week, from October 30, annual harvest festival that is great tourist attraction.

## Lord Mayor meets King Sam

Sydney's Lord Mayor, Alderman E. C. O'Dea, saw the crowning of Hawaii's King and Queen for a year during his visit to Honolulu on his recent 10-day tour with Canadian Pacific Airlines.

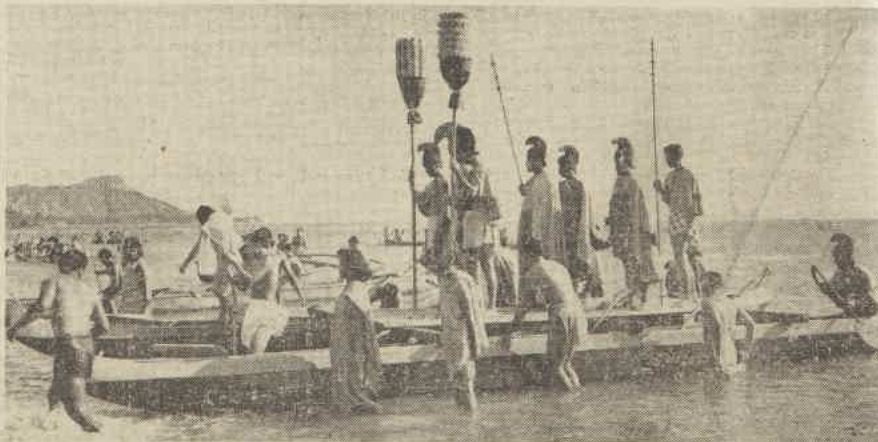
The King and Queen, chosen from exemplary citizens among full-blooded Hawaiians, are the islands' official representatives at all pageants and welcomes for celebrated visitors.



PRETTY Hawaiian girls wear bright leis for festival.



HULA DANCES that interpret folklore take place continuously night and day during the week of festival.



LANDING of Chiefs from other Hawaiian Islands has been part of Aloha Week pageantry for generations. Festival is as gay as Mardi Gras, as strenuous as Empire Games. Programme includes wrestling, other sports, feasts in villages built to show ancient crafts, Chinese lantern parades.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—October 22, 1949



A NEW preparation claimed to make the juiciest steak even more delectable has recently been widely publicised in America. This news item made Mr. J. A. Nancarrow, a member of the Fellowship of Epicures in Melbourne, put on his thinking cap.

Advertisements in American magazines described it as a white powder, vegetable protein derivative known as mono sodium glutamate.

Taking a chance he commissioned a European friend in China to send him a quantity of mono sodium glutamate to see if his guess were right.

He's now distributing samples of the preparation to leading Melbourne chefs for their opinion on whether gourmets notice an improvement in menus.

Mono sodium glutamate could be easily manufactured in Australia from grain or sugar beet components.

It's the natural salt of glutamic acid, and Mr. Nancarrow thinks it is a big step towards the perfection of culinary art.

It has a delicate, indefinable salt-like taste, is not a seasoning or flavoring, yet has the ability to accentuate the true flavor of meats and soups usually lost with cooking.

Mr. Nancarrow says that besides guarding the natural flavor of a dish it coaxes out hidden tastiness intended to thrill the taste buds. But it won't glamorise inferior meat.

Mr. Nancarrow humorously insists that after dusting some indifferent sausages with mono sodium glutamate he definitely established their sawdust origin. "They tasted like planks!" he said.

**EARLY MORNING touchiness.** A man who put in a request to be called by one of the G.P.O.'s good-morning girls discovered in a sleepy way when the call came through that his watch had stopped. "I say," he said foggily, "my watch's stopped and I've forgotten when I asked to be called. What time is it?"

The early morning sunshine vanished from the good-morning girl's voice. "Sorry," she snapped. "You'll have to dial B074 for that."

## WORTH Reporting

### Elderly woman runs family sawmill

ONE of Queensland's pioneer business women is Miss Irma Bruckner, now in her 70's, who still runs the Fassifern timber mill started by her father, one of the district's first settlers.

"Irma's the business head of the family, and holds us together," said one of her sisters, Mrs. M. Westbury. "If we ask her anything about fashion, she always refuses to answer and says, 'Ask me something about timber. I know all about that.'"

As well as knowing the timber business from A to Z, Miss Bruckner is a storehouse of old stories about the pioneering days. She speaks of women helping the isolated white yokes to carry water as far as three miles, of red-and-white-painted aborigines holding corroborees, and their women in dry times coming with womenfolk by teaching them plant and herbal remedies.

She tells the story of her own mother arriving in the district on top of a wagon, and sitting on the ground and bursting into tears when she saw the wilderness in which she was to make her home.

Associated with Miss Bruckner in the management of the mill that today employs its own cutters and teamsters is her brother Bill, who, at the age of 11, when timber workers were getting 4/6 a day, was driving a bullock team for his father.

From a start in a slab and bark humpy, the Bruckner family are now people of means and possessions, Miss Bruckner and her younger sister Elise living in the spacious home-stead built by their father within sound of the sawmills, and surrounded by some of the best mountain views in Queensland.

**MELBOURNE University student** Ken Broben is taking no chances with his cheeky little black-and-scarlet roadster.

He offsets its infinitesimal size with rear and front placards: "Hit someone your own size."

Swooping round busy streets with a flourish he fetches up at kerbstones defiantly flaunting his notices at huge streamlined limousines.

### Tall stories flourish in Europe's camps

PRESS ATTACHE at the Australian Legation at The Hague, Len Barsdell, says that there are some fanciful stories about Australia circulating in the displaced persons camps in Europe.

He recently accompanied Australian selection teams when they were visiting camps selecting migrants. In their desire to profess themselves knowledgeable about their distant goal, camp inmates traded among themselves the most far-fetched stories.

One, currently popular, was to the effect that all Australians lived in trees, and had a diet of snakes. Another was that Australia had no cities, and its people were nomadic. Australia now has the shipping to bring from Europe up to 8000 migrants a month.

### Memory of Russians engraved in stone

RUSSIANS occupying Germany are keeping themselves busy, apart from political and military activities, by erecting as many memorials as possible, through which they imagine the Germans will be forced to remember this period of history.

Miss Nora Jefferson, who has a job with the Allied Control Commission in Germany, describes the newest of the Russian war memorials in Berlin in a letter to her sister, Miss Eva Jefferson, in Sydney.

"They already have a memorial not far from the Brandenburg Gate," she writes, "and another on the Leipziger Autobahn, south of Berlin."

"The new one at Treptow, in the Russian sector, is made of marble, mosaics and stone, brought from Hitler's Chancellery, which they afterwards blew up."

"On the entrance gate are slogans praising the Russians' heroism in destroying the barbarous Germans, carved in both Russian and German. (The Russians believe in rubbing everything well in.)"

"A broad path leads up to the statue of a seated woman in an attitude of bitter grief. Then one turns to face two gigantic red flags."

"Up to this point the ground rises to a sort of terrace, from which one looks down to a large expanse of lawn and stone paths to a huge figure of a Russian soldier with a child in his arms and a broken swastika underfoot."

"Along each side are sarcophagi, eight on each side, with carved bas reliefs depicting the life of an average man who goes to fight for his country, all with a strong propaganda bias."

"Under the memorial are supposed to lie the bodies of the 7000 Russians who died in the attack on Berlin."



### Pocket editor of gramophone records

SMALL, featherweight, plastic gramophone records are in wide use in the United States, according to Melbourne film executive Mr. George Griffith, who recently returned after three months in America. Unbreakable, and about six inches in diameter, they are not any thicker than a piece of very light cardboard, and just as pliable.

Recordings have colored centres to aid mood music selection. The classics are easily identified with red centres; light classics have pale blue; hit tunes are bright blue, and so on.

Besides their big advantage as space-savers the records give a superb reproduction. They are played on a new type pocket-sized electric gramophone, with speedy automatic record change, marketed by a record company for £15.

Turntables for converting ordinary gramophones to play the new type of record are also sold for about £8.

It's claimed that the cost of the new equipment is soon made good as these discs are cheaper than ordinary recordings. Challenge has been taken up by manufacturers of conventional records, who are striving to keep popularity by producing discs with up to four different numbers to a side.

Only drawback about them is that in-a-hurry Crosby fans, for instance, become impatient having to listen to hits that don't appeal to them before the needle picks up Bing.

THE sister of a member of our Adelaide staff writes from England that at last she's witnessed a sight to starve even the usually imperturbable Londoner.

"I find myself the only person sufficiently curious to look twice at such visions as a long-haired young man in a velvet suit walking barefoot on the wet pavements outside Buckingham Palace," she writes.

"Yesterday, however, even the Cockney bus conductor stared when we passed an open sports car in Piccadilly occupied by a middle-aged man, and, beside him, a huge Great Dane wearing on his doggy nose a large pair of sun-glasses."

## Whichever type you need

...you'll be happier with a HOOVER!

CLEANER

Life is too short to clean the hard way. With a Hoover in your home your work is easier, your colours stay brighter, your carpets last longer. No other cleaner has ever matched a Hoover in getting out deep-down dirt and grit. So why wait when you know the Hoover is the cleaner you really want. Hoover offers you complete cleaner choice—three great cleaners... each one designed for a special cleaning job. See them to-day.



MODEL 376



Authorised HOOVER RETAILER

The

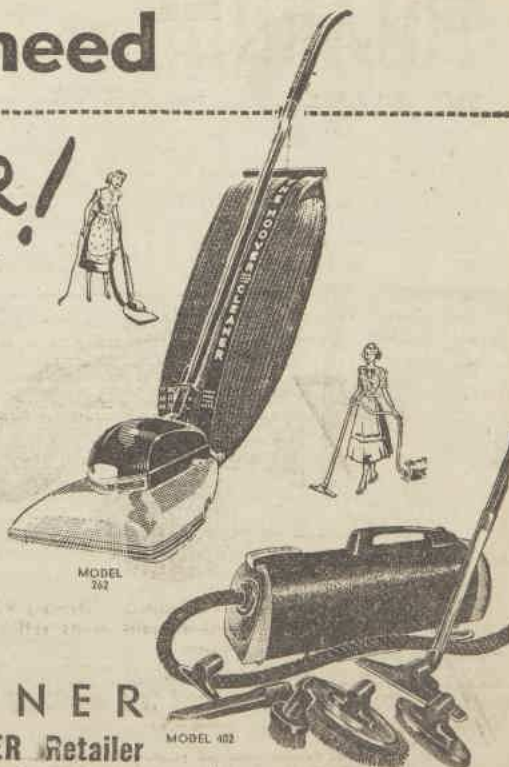
HOOVER

REG'D TRADE MARK

CLEANER

The Shop with this Sign is your HOOVER Retailer

HOOVER (AUST.) PTY. LTD., NEW SOUTH WALES, AUSTRALIA



MODEL 262

MODEL 402







HAZEL



"Baxter residence."

BUTCH



"But all his peanut butter sandwiches'll only go stale anyways if I don't eat them."

# It seems to me . . .

**H**AIRDRESSERS are reported to be disturbed about the news from Paris that straight hair is coming into fashion.

I don't think they need be seriously alarmed. Curly hair has had an edge on straight hair since time immemorial, long before the invention of modern permanent waving. The permanent wave, like the acceptance of the use of cosmetics, reduced to some extent that unbridgeable gap between the pretty woman and the plain one.

But—to be born with naturally curly hair! What an advantage that is, as any seven-year-old could tell you. No need to spend hours being steamed or baked, no straggles underneath.

It would be a wonderful thing indeed for thousands of women—other than hairdressers—if for just a few months straight hair were to be considered a sign of beauty. But I don't believe it.

No one can tell me the hairdressing industry isn't smart enough to make it fashionable to have a slight kink in straight hair, and, as anyone with the dried-grass variety knows, that will be just as expensive to maintain as a whole wave.

I shall never forget my first permanent wave. It was fashionable then to have the whole head a perfect mass of waves and curls. "Good heavens," said the girl I shared the flat with, "recking back in alarm, 'you look like a chorus girl!' 'Yes,' I beamed, 'Isn't it wonderful!'"

**T**RANSPORT Commissioner Winsor's campaign to make the tramways pay deserves praise and support, but he made a tactical error in those "Stop Thief" posters, which are annoying the passengers no end.

People resent such a strong word as thief being applied to a matter of threepence. As soon as they see a poster they launch into anecdotes about how they couldn't find a conductor, or what the conductor said when they held up a tram to pay their fares.

Undoubtedly, when you add up all the lost fares the total is large enough to do a bank robber credit. But it's a question of tact, not of fact.

Much better to have a gentler line on the posters, indicating how all the lost fares added together would buy some lovely new trams, and that you, the person addressed, wouldn't, of course, dream of evading your fare.

Nevertheless, Mr. Winsor is trying to do something about the Sydney transport muddle, and we shouldn't let a little irritation with a poster blind us to that.

**I**T'S to be hoped that the outcry about the proposal to take eight feet, including the fig tree border, from Rushcutters Bay Park for the Eastern Suburbs Railway has some effect.

The park is not only badly needed recreation space, of which every foot is valuable; it is one of the lovely glimpses of Sydney, with its figtrees framing green grass and yachts at anchor. Without the trees it will be not much better than a piece of wasteland.

Man has done his best to spoil Sydney's incomparable natural advantages of harbor setting. So far he hasn't entirely succeeded, but he's certainly making more and more progress.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — October 22, 1949

By



Dorothy Drain

**T**HE news that a species of parrot found in New Guinea is to be named after Mr. E. J. Hallstrom, Sydney philanthropist and zoo benefactor, reminds me that a while ago a natural history expert told me that the custom of naming species after people is gradually going out of fashion.

So having a species named after you is a special honor these days. Not long ago a parasite found in the blood of a platypus was named after the Governor of Tasmania, Sir Hugh Binney. Its name, in case you run across it, is *Trypanosoma binneyi*.

To the layman that may sound a doubtful compliment. But far from it. The pleasure that a racehorse owner gets when his horse wins the Melbourne Cup is no greater than that of a person interested in natural history who has his name perpetuated in this way.

Modern practice except in special cases tends, according to my informant, to use either descriptive names or names relating to localities.

For instance, when you see the name "*Tachyglossus aculeatus*" you say, "Hal *Tachyglossus* means sticky-tongued and *aculeatus* means covered with prickles, so, of course, that's a spiny ant-eater." Similarly should you meet a *Hederodentus portusjacksoni* you will probably throw it back. It's a Port Jackson shark.

The Americans, so I'm told, have hit on a nice compromise. They give the creature some good pungent Latin tag to describe it, then in their published matter use an asterisk and a footnote saying who discovered it. Thus may immortality be achieved in a footnote.

**I**MUST be one of the few people extant who had never read "The Lodger," Mrs. Belloc Lowndes' thriller about Jack the Ripper, or seen any of the three film versions made of it.

So when I took a copy home the other night I expected a couple of spine-chilling evenings. Perhaps the trouble is that since it was first written (1913) there have been so many terrifying works published that my spine has developed a tolerance to chillers. Whatever the reason, though I enjoyed it, my composure wasn't really affected.

But what was arresting about the book was the fact that the landlord and landlady, Mr. and Mrs. Bunting, were on the point of starvation when the lodger arrived. Why? You'd never guess. Their rooms had been vacant for months!

**T**HE Swiss are complaining that French railwaymen bring fleas when they stay overnight at a Swiss border town. The French replied, through diplomatic channels, demanding proof that the fleas came from France.

"Whose fleas? Please, Please! Arguments like this make a bad impression overseas," said a French flea addressing a number of Swiss fleas. "The next thing you know there'll be orders of extradition, Letters to the papers, injunctions to restrain, and a generally inflamed condition!"

And if you think no one is going to be able to tell a French flea from a Swiss flea.

You've got another think coming because, take it from me,

The authorities will use the Australian idea and arrest all fleas who are unable to pass a dictation test."

YOUTHFUL LOVELINESS  
THAT IS

so Natural



Safeguard your charm  
with the magic of  
"Top-Tone" Shade Control

Fragrant "Three Flowers" Face Powder clings like a second skin . . . gives you satin-smooth complexion, loveliness, covers tiny skin flaws, lights up your natural beauty with youthful radiance. And with "Three Flowers" special "Top-Tone" ingredient, the enchanting shade you wear remains unchanged for hours—whether your skin be oily or dry. Enjoy the blossom fragrance and long-lasting charm of "Three Flowers"—ask for it to-day at your usual supplier.



three  
flowers

FACE POWDER



Companions in Glamour . . .  
Facials, Nails, Creams,  
Brilliantine, Talc,  
Perfume.

CREATIONS OF RICHARD HUDNUT

T.F.S.A. 32-49



COVERING THE WOUND ISN'T ENOUGH! Infection starts right under that skin-break. Why give it a chance? Apply Rexona Ointment generously to your usual dry dressing. Rexona goes deep and heals quickly at the point where infection starts.

A handy, small jar of Rexona Ointment is an absolute necessity in every bathroom cupboard.

D.110-48

Page 22



## He and wife both ministers

They believe that brevity is of successful preaching.

MARY COLES, staff reporter

Unitarian  
England  
engineer  
in Sydney

All  
parson  
place he  
parishes  
converted

"We argue about the parish is not enough for both of us I have a second fiddle, or have any parish some distance from our home."

In Canada when the Rev. Tonkin was in charge of the Unitarian Church in British Columbia, Mrs. Tonkin used to cruise 70 miles every week-end to the island of Victoria, where she had her own church.

In England their parishes were usually separated by about 20 miles.

Mrs. Tonkin contends that to make her mark in the ministry a woman minister must have at least twice as much ability as the average clergyman.

"Prejudice against women preachers is very deep-rooted," she maintains. "But married women have an easier victory than spinsters because men and women seem more ready to talk over their problems with a woman minister who is married."

Mrs. Tonkin's confidence in her

and wife who are both ministers of the church recently arrived in Australia from G. Tonkin, a former Scottish electrical engineer appointed to the Unitarian Church

wife, the Rev. Ada Tonkin, has been a practising minister in England and Canada, she will for the present take her husband's wife. She explained that in one-minister parishes is filled by her husband, whom she

role may be based on the success of her first "conversion"—her husband.

As the young wife of Jim Tonkin, a free-thinking Edinburgh agnostic, she won him over to her faith.

Shortly afterwards young Mr. Tonkin was installed at Oxford doing a three years' theological course to become a Unitarian minister. A year later his wife became a fellow student with him and was ordained 12 months after he was.

When taking services Mrs. Tonkin wears her flowing black academic gown without a hat.

Her husband, in his faint red-striped, very tweedy grey suit and Anthony Eden hat, peers from under great bushy black brows.

Both consider that brevity is the secret of successful sermon-preaching.

"After 20 minutes' preaching the interest of a congregation begins to wane. After 25 minutes it HAS waned," they say.

Mr. Tonkin cherishes the hope that his sermons are as penetrating



DEVOTED COUPLE, Rev. Ada Tonkin and her husband, Rev. James Tonkin, say that theirs is an ideal marriage, because their personalities are so different they have struck a balance.

as the formula he has worked out for refilling ball-point pens.

Salvaging cast-aside ball-points is his favorite hobby—his breast pocket bulges with them—and recently after a lot of research he evolved a fluid for refilling old pens at a cost of twopence. "Because I'm a Scot," he explains.

But it's not quite perfect yet. His ink is so penetrating it saturates through to the other side of the paper.

### Religious drama

MRS. TONKIN's pet hobby is producing religious drama, and she hopes to promote the idea here.

"I've got quite a bee in my bonnet about it," she says. "Casts of up to thirty enter the church in costume singing a processional hymn, and all but those immediately needed 'on

stage'—the chancel—sit down with the congregation until it is time for them to play their particular roles."

She insists that these religious dramas are not an attempt at theatre, but a new and stirring form of worship designed to capture the imagination of churchgoers with the re-living of scenes from biblical history.

Dialogue is usually in the vernacular, and themes are handled with Dorothy L. Sayers-like simplicity.

Mrs. Tonkin also directs her gracious but purposeful personality to welfare work among delinquent women and girls.

When they were living in Canada in the early days of their ministry in 1925, Mrs. Tonkin, at the invitation of Vancouver's Police Chief, stepped out of the pulpit to take charge of the women's police branch.



BLACK GOWN is worn by Rev. Ada Tonkin when she conducts church services.

It was a newly created organisation known as the Women's Protective Division. Work covered every branch of police and welfare work, from assisting Canadian Mounties to track down dope rings to patrolling dance halls.

On her return to England Mrs. Tonkin resumed a "minister's wife" role again until she took over the Unitarian Church at St. Helens two years before coming to Australia.



# White Cloud SHORTENING

it's NEW, it's IMPROVED, it's DIGESTIBLE!

... and this is how you use it —



FOR CAKES



FOR FRYING



AND BISCUITS



BAKING JOINTS & POULTRY



FOR PUDDINGS



FLAKY PASTRY



CREAM FILLINGS

Send for  
RECIPE  
BOOK  
7½

For frying, baking, shortening, in fact for all uses where a cooking fat is required, White Cloud is clean, easy to use, economical and superior. It creams easily and keeps perfectly for an almost indefinite period. It has no odour or flavour of its own but it brings out to perfection the natural flavours of the food cooked with it.

MANUFACTURED BY VEGETABLE OILS PTY. LTD.  
52 GARDENERS RD., MASCOT, N.S.W.



## Better Hearing Save Money with this midget HEARING AID BATTERY

If you use a hearing aid you will save money with Eveready "Mini-Max" hearing aid "B" batteries. Their unique, flat cell construction puts power in the space that is wasted in ordinary batteries. Size for size they cost less per hour of use than "B" batteries of conventional round cell construction.

Let us equip your hearing aid with fresh Eveready hearing aid batteries today.

**EVEREADY  
MINI-MAX**

Hearing Aid Batteries

## FIBROSITIS\* and Rheumatic Pain Fought in 30 Minutes

\* (Pains in muscles, hands, arms, shoulders, back, legs, and joints.)

If you suffer from stabbing, throbbing pains in your joints, hands, back, shoulders, arms and legs, due to Fibrositis, you should do these 3 things to relieve your troubles: 1. Rest the affected part. 2. Use heat applications for temporary relief. 3. Take Romind at mealtime.

Romind is the recently developed formula of an American scientist, and is now available in Australia at all chemists to fight your disabling pains in these 3 ways: 1. It starts stopping pain in 30 to 45 minutes. 2. It removes excess irritating acids and poisons which vitalise your muscles. 3. It kills certain germs which infect muscles and joints. Because of its three-way action Romind gives quick and positive results and is so successful that you are asked to try it under the guarantee that it must relieve your pain to your complete satisfaction or your money back on return of empty flask. Get Romind from your chemist to-day.

Note: Fibrositis is a disease related to Rheumatism, but is usually much more painful and requires a special treatment such as Romind.

**Romind**

## 5 doctors prove this plan breaks the laxative habit

If you take laxatives regularly—here's how you can stop!

Because 5 New York doctors now have proved you may break the laxative habit... and establish your natural powers of regularity, 87% of the cases tested did it. So can you. Stop taking whatever you now take. Instead, Every night for one week take 2 Carter's Little Liver Pills and one each night, 3rd week—one every other night. Then—nothing! Every day—drink eight glasses of water; set a definite time for regularity.

Carter's Little Liver Pills "unblock" the lower digestive tract and from then on let it make use of its own natural powers.

Further—Carter's Little Liver Pills contain no habit-forming drugs. Get Carter's Little Liver Pills at any chemist or store.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—October 22, 1949

**MRS. SARKAS** was terribly frightened. It had been very confusing at the airport, and now it was worse. She was sitting timidly in a most expensive automobile that was not only going at a dreadful rate of speed, but had a motor-cycle policeman racing in front of it with his siren screaming.

She shrank back into the corner, a small, plump woman all in black with cheeks like dumplings. She didn't look smart and dashing as Aunt Zia did and she clung hard to her son Joseph's hand.

She found Joseph a little frightening, too, because he looked so prosperous in his neat blue suit. It had been a nightmare of Mrs. Sarkas' for months that her son would have grown too wealthy, too important, and that he'd live in some magnificent neighborhood.

She took comfort in the fact that her granddaughter seemed a nice, quiet sort of girl and she probably was engaged to the angular red-headed man, who was not alarming either. And Mr. Brannigan had a reassuring smile in spite of his bowler hat.

Aunt Zia had her doubts about everything. She sat bolt upright, her nose quivering, her eyes heavy-lidded like a hawk's.

She had already ascertained that the motor car did not belong to her nephew and was merely hired and, while it was gratifying to see the motor-cycle policeman waving all the traffic out of their way, she did not think too much of that either.

As for her nephew, he was much as he'd always been as a small boy and she didn't in the least believe he'd got on very well or ever would.

Mr. Brannigan now cleared his throat. "You folks'll find a little surprise party waiting for you," he said. "His Honor the Mayor'll be there."

Aunt Zia made a remark in staccato Greek.

"Huh," said Mr. Brannigan. Betty translated. "She says mayors are mostly thieves."

Mr. Brannigan began to have a high opinion of Aunt Zia.

South Bay began sliding by and Mrs. Sarkas sat up with sudden interest.

"Is this it?"

Her son sadly nodded.

The sea wind was in, still greatly reinforced by the glue factory and a slight odor of something scorching that might or might not have come from the incinerator. It made Mrs. Sarkas feel much at home.

This was going to be just right, for her idea of an ideal location was where one could lean out one's windows and chat companionably with the neighbors.

"It smells nice," she said.

They turned into Saratoga Street and colored electric light bulbs (borrowed from the Bijou Theatre) were winking overhead. A flood-light (lent by the fire department) flung full on numerous placards, surmounted by a high-strung streamer: "WELCOME MAMA & AUNT ... WELCOME."

The car stopped and Canavan, a cadet cop, swung open the door.

"Stand back there!" he said to no one in particular and grasped Mrs. Sarkas' arm. "Take your time, ma'am."

On the sidewalk, Miss Eileen McCann raised her hat. "Numbah twenty-two!"

St. Joseph's Band began to play "Annie Rooney."

Ahead, the Palace of Sweets was a great glare of light and Aunt Zia thought it was just about the sort of place her nephew could be expected to have and began a mental computation of its probable profit per week.

The neighborhood was what she had imagined it would be, too; and on the whole that was fortunate. Her sister, Helen, would fit in nicely here, and so would she.

For Aunt Zia, about to begin a new life in a strange land, proposed

## Palace of Sweets

Continued from page 26

to enjoy herself as much as possible. She had seen a good many masterful old ladies engaged in making their families miserable and she was certainly not going to do that.

She would not interfere in her nephew's business and Helen could run his household quite nicely and happily. But it would amuse her to meddle with the affairs of the community, both social and civic, and she had no doubt it would do both her and the community a great deal of good.

She allowed herself to enter the Palace of Sweets on Mr. Brannigan's arm.

There were long tables laden with food, there were many straight and uncomfortable chairs (courtesy of Mr. Colleoni). There were also several wreaths and some enormous floral pieces bearing ribbons with lettering in gilt, "TO OUR DEAR FRIEND," which was at least a safe sentiment.

Mr. Colleoni, himself, had a dull gleam of black about him and Aunt Zia immediately set him down as the local undertaker, who had undoubtedly furnished the wreaths (from somebody's funeral), the floral offerings and probably the chairs.

**AUNT ZIA** caught sight of Mrs. Moriarty in shimmering green satin and instantly knew that lady was the moving spirit behind all this.

Mrs. Moriarty caught sight of her, too, and at once appraised Aunt Zia's quality.

Mrs. Sarkas flinched in terror as a flash bulb went off in her face and a large gentleman in a silk hat and cutaway coat shook her hand heartily.

His Honor the Mayor said in a resounding boom, "On behalf of South Bay and the city, allow me to welcome you!"

Mrs. Sarkas wished she could creep away to some quiet corner and hide.

She felt a gentle pressure on her arm.

"You must be very tired," said Father Ryan.

Being a simple woman, Mrs. Sarkas instantly knew Father Ryan for what he was: a good man, patient, unworldly and wise. He looked a little like St. Francis in the stained-glass window of her own church, only St. Francis had a crack clear across his face from one of the bombings and Father Ryan, of course, did not.

She was not afraid of anything any more, not of the flash bulbs or the mayor or of so many people all speaking in a strange tongue.

Father Ryan sat down beside Mrs. Sarkas in one of Mr. Colleoni's uncomfortable chairs. It was a great handicap that she could not speak English and Father Ryan's Greek was the classical variety of Aristotle, Xenophon, and Thucydides.

He began to talk to her about Mr. Sarkas and what a friend he was to all the children.

Mrs. Sarkas was eating one of the strawberry cream cakes made by Mr. Schultz. She could make out only a little of what Father Ryan was saying, but she was sure it was about Joseph.

"He is a good man," she said and Father Ryan understood her perfectly.

Aunt Zia was also having a cream cake and it was her opinion

that Mr. Schultz had been a trifle stingy with the eggs. It was her opinion, also, that the mayor was a fool because he was now shaking with everybody.

Mrs. Moriarty had been very rude to him about the statue of Garibaldi and had also spoken about the state of the city dump.

He thought it would be quite a comfort if he could talk to someone who didn't want anything. So he stooped down beside Mrs. Sarkas and said he hoped that she was enjoying herself.

By now Mrs. Sarkas actually was. A great many people kept insisting on bringing her interesting things to eat and she sensed they were all quite kind.

Aunt Zia's eyes roved about the room and her ears were active too. She had the immense advantage of understanding everything that was said without being supposed to. She could speak English perfectly well, but wasn't going to admit that until she thought it advisable.

She saw that Helen had settled down with the priest and that was pleasant. Anyone could see he was a good priest and anyone could see, too, that he was one whom the bishop would never bother about and that no high prelate of the church would deign to come to visit him.

Mr. Colleoni, who had been looking out the window, began to wave his hands wildly. "Saints preserve us!" he said. "It's the Archbishop!"

Miss Eileen McCann had been training her sides for days in a very special number to be produced at some high spot in the evening's entertainment.

It was unlikely there would be a higher spot than this, and she raised her baton. "Numbah seventeen, and anybody plays a sour note hears from me about it afterward!"

St. Joseph's Band broke with great savagery into the strains of "There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town To-night."

It was fortunate, Father Ryan thought, that the Archbishop had a fine sense of humor.

Aunt Zia was, for the first time in her life, entirely confounded. You can hire large limousines, you can bribe the police, you can put pressure upon politicians, you can persuade undertakers to provide you with chairs—but you simply cannot go about pulling Archbishops out of hats.

She almost began to believe that her nephew might possibly amount to something after all.

In the whole room, Mrs. Sarkas was the only person not in a state of astonishment. Her son Joseph had so many friends, such fine friends, it was not impossible an Archbishop might be among them.

You have to expect such things, Mrs. Sarkas thought, when your son is a most remarkable man.

(Copyright)



"Nice to have somebody to talk to at breakfast."



Do it with  
**"DUREX"**



The transparent  
tape that seals  
without moistening

At home or the office, for mending jobs or hobbies, you'll find strong, clear "Durex" Tape—saves time and trouble every day. Get the handy plaid dispenser.

300 INS. 3-INS. TAPE 2/6  
150 INS. 1-INS. TAPE 1/3



**DUREX**  
Cellulose  
**TAPE**

AUSTRALIAN DUREX PRODUCTS  
PTY. LTD., LIDCOMBE, N.S.W.

D10/110



Pick a pack  
of  
**SAXA**  
the pick of  
packet salt



# Millionaire says all he has belongs to the Lord



"I'm just a mechanic who builds machinery, but I love the Lord."

## Profits made from his mechanical genius pay for missionary work

By GEORGINA O'SULLIVAN, staff reporter

The motto of millionaire industrialist-evangelist Bob Le Tourneau is "not how much money do we give to the Lord, but how much of the Lord's money do we keep."

"In other words, everything I have belongs to the Lord and I want Him to tell me what to do with it," said Bob Le Tourneau during his combined business and evangelical visit to Sydney.

BECAUSE a preacher told him 30 years ago that God needs business men, he abandoned his idea of being a missionary and went "into partnership with God," as he puts it, in a business that is now worth twenty million dollars and produces more than half the world's earth-moving machinery.

The pamphlet issued in connection with his visit explains that he "gives more than 90 per cent of his profits to God's work. Most of 'God's share' goes into the Le Tourneau Foundation, the world's largest exclusively religious foundation, which has assisted hundreds of young people to prepare for missionary work."

The Foundation also conducts religious summer conferences, and owns radio stations in Georgia and Texas.

Once, when he failed to keep his "pledge to give to the Lord" because he needed all his money to carry out two million-dollar construction contracts, Bob Le Tourneau nearly went broke and bankruptcy papers were actually drawn up.

"But I decided that I would never again break my pledge to give, and I've been going along well ever since," he told me.

An acknowledged mechanical genius, Bob Le Tourneau gathered his engineering knowledge from a correspondence course and a pocket handbook. He did not get beyond the eighth grade at school.

He first became interested in religion at the age of 16, after having been the "bad boy of eight children of God-fearing parents."

He describes himself as "just a mechanic who builds machinery and loves the Lord."

When I first saw Bob Le Tourneau, who hails from Texas, at his big Australian factory at Rydalmere, N.S.W.—he has four other factories in the United States—he was climbing over one of the mammoth earth-moving machines built at the plant.

Although he speaks with a Texan drawl, he is not a native of Texas. He was born at Vermont, New England, just over 60 years ago, the son of a farmer, and later builder,



"THE LORD has never let me down."

Caleb Le Tourneau, and grandson of a French Huguenot schoolteacher. On his mother's side he comes from a long line of preachers.

A few hours after meeting Mr. Le Tourneau at his factory I heard him preach from the big pulpit at St. Stephen's Church, Sydney, when he told a large gathering that he was "just an ordinary type of man who worked with God and didn't mind getting up early in the morning if it meant he could build big machines that worked his competitors to the bone."

"Business men should realise that a man can do a better job when he has the Lord on his side," he said.

He told the following story of an American contractor who buys his machinery.

"When an employee of mine called to service the machinery, the contractor said: 'I understand Le Tourneau goes around the country telling people that these machines are the result of a conference with the Lord.'"

"Well, you tell Le Tourneau that I think he forgot to go back into conference with the Lord when he put the price on the machines."

### First successes

ALTHOUGH he "began to live as a Christian young man should" when he was 16, Bob Le Tourneau did not begin active religious work until he had entered his thirties.

Then he asked his local preacher if he should be a missionary.

"After we had prayed together a while the preacher turned to me and said, 'God needs business men, too,'" he told me.

"I was broke at the time, but I left that preacher determined that I would be a witness for the Lord in the business world, and right then I began to succeed and went ahead by leaps and bounds."

He set up in business as a construction engineer and built some of the largest highways, dams, and bridges in the United States.

When he found he could not always buy the big type of machinery he wanted, he set to and designed his own.

"I didn't know anything about building machines, but I figured the idea could be found in books if I was willing to dig for it," he said.

"I dug and dug through books to get ideas, and now my machines dig and dig through great mounds of earth."

His wife is equally religious and a co-director of the Le Tourneau Foundation.

"She's always been a great help to me," he said. "In the early days she used to collect steel in the car and drive it to my works."

Two of his sons, the elder of whom was in Australia with the U.S. Army during the war, work in his plant at Vicksburg, Missouri.

His third son is recovering from a bad motor-cycle accident, his fourth is at school, and his daughter's husband is one of his employees.

The Le Tourneau Technical Institute at Longview, Texas, a fully accredited college, was endowed by the Foundation, and students spend alternate days in class and at the Longview plant.

Mr. Le Tourneau describes his Australian factory as "just dandy." It was started in 1941 after a young Australian suggested to him in America that as Australia probably would not be able to import many of his machines it might be a good idea to start manufacturing them here.

"I just told that boy to go right ahead, and he did," declared Mr. Le Tourneau. "I lent him one of my best men, who's now managing director here, and they got going."

The factory, which started in a



"If the Lord is on your side, you must succeed."



"So, let us have a talk with Him about business and religion."



MILLIONAIRE Bob Le Tourneau waves to employees from mammoth bulldozer made at his Australian factory. Mechanic is Jock Weston.

garage, is now an enormous plant calling for the services of 1000 employees and sub-contractors.

"I only invested a little over 100,000 dollars in the Australian show, too," mused Mr. Le Tourneau.

When he first started his business he gave bonuses to his original employees, many of whom now own shares in the organisation. But today Bob Le Tourneau gives incentive payments.

The incentive payment system, he believes, works well if it is properly administered.

### Married at 16

MRS. LE TOURNEAU, who was 12 when her husband began boarding with her parents, and 16 when she married him—he was 28—is chiefly interested in the welfare of his employees.

He declared that he does not claim perfection, but is a "hard-headed business man who believes that God can lead a man if the man will be led."

He describes as an "awful lie that allegation by the devil that if you obey the Lord's wishes you can't enjoy life."

"I have fun all the time, and I have fun building bigger and better machines," he said.

"Some nights when I'm going back to the plant my wife says, 'You going back to work?', and I reply, 'I'm not going back to work, I'm just going back to play with my machines a while.'"

Bob Le Tourneau said he never dreamt of public preaching until he "made a few comments about the Lord at a commerce meeting" and was asked by several preachers to address their congregations.

Now he flies round the United States in any one of his dozen aeroplanes, which he has learned to navigate, inspecting his plants and preaching.

"My wife and younger kids are parked in a former Army barracks which my wife has had turned into a sprawling old southern home, and I spend my spare time with them," he said.

He often preaches as many as a dozen times a week.

Mr. Le Tourneau, who is addressing a number of evangelistic meetings during his visit to Australia, is described in the tour pamphlet as "the man who harnessed the infinite and found that the power of God is not only the greatest force in the universe, but a potent factor in the hard-headed world of business, industry, and finance."

His platform is "speed, the welding torch, and the Bible."



# BOARDING-HOUSE WELCOMES CHILDREN

"CARRAMAR" boarding-house, Bellevue Hill, N.S.W., is run by Mrs. Madge Dunning specially for children. The 19-roomed house holds 16 children, many of whom have just arrived from England with their parents. Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Dunning, with three children of their own, had housing difficulties when they first arrived from England, so realised the need of somewhere migrants could stay until they found homes.

Children play after school in the large garden and sand pit, and in wet weather they dress up or play with toys provided. Mrs. Dunning and other mothers run the boarding-house, which also caters for some adults.



**CHEERY GROUP** of children gather round Mrs. Dunning, who holds her 14-week-old baby, Christopher. Children like sing-songs before being packed off to bed at eight. "Children are less destructive than many adults," Mrs. Dunning says.



**MAORI HAKA** effect as children take running jump off terrace in front of house. Feeling at "Carramar" is that the place is a home from home, and an experiment unique in these days when children are not wanted in flats or boarding-houses.



**SCRUB-UP** for Ronald Haigh, Brenda Holmes, and Alfred Haigh before their mealtime.



**LANCASHIRE-BORN** George Haigh tests the bed springs as he shows three-year-old brother Ronald how a jet plane takes off. THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - October 22, 1947

**PLEASANT HOME** for children who play leapfrog while too rough. Children's ages range from a few months to 16.





Sweet feminine

freshness

for the whole of a

summer's day



Available in sizes priced from 3/3 to 18/6

1749 Blue Ribbon EAU DE COLOGNE

POTTER & MOORE

English creators of fine perfumery for 200 years.

EDC

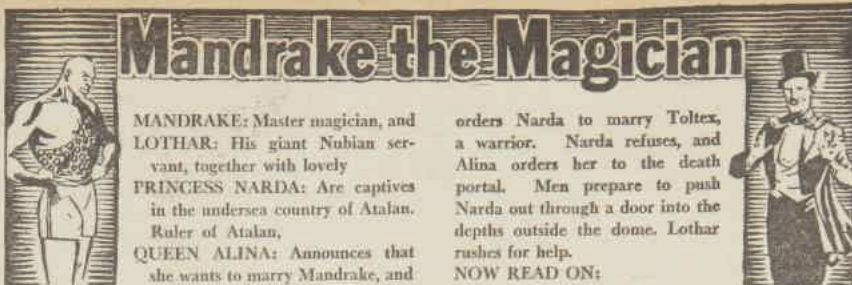


Yours for all Time...

"JEWELX" movements are individually fashioned by the skilled hands of Swiss masters. The Federated Retail Jewellers' Association selected "JEWELX" as the ultimate in watch value—so order in advance to avoid disappointment. Every model, ladies' or gent's, has a 15-jewelled lever movement—built for years of service.

Jewelex

Insignia of the Federated Retail Jewellers' Association. "JEWELX" watches can only be purchased at jewellers displaying this sign.



MANDRAKE: Master magician, and  
LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, together with lovely  
PRINCESS NARDA: Are captives in the undersea country of Atalan.  
Ruler of Atalan,  
QUEEN ALINA: Announces that she wants to marry Mandrake, and

orders Narda to marry Toltex, a warrior. Narda refuses, and Alina orders her to the death portal. Men prepare to push Narda out through a door into the depths outside the dome. Lothar rushes for help.  
NOW READ ON:



NARDA IS BEING SHOVED INTO THE DEATH PORTAL WHICH LEADS OUTSIDE THE DOME, WHERE SHE'LL BE CRUSHED TO DEATH BY SEA PRESSURE! "BUT, HIGHNESS, WE ONLY WANT TO SCARE HER INTO MARRYING ME," PLEADS TOLTEX.



"MAYBE THAT'S ALL YOU WANT," SAYS ALINA, THE QUEEN. "I WANT TO GET RID OF HER, ONE WAY OR ANOTHER. GO AHEAD WITH IT." AT THAT INSTANT, MANDRAKE BURSTS INTO THE ROOM.



THE MAGICIAN TAKES IN THE SCENE AT A GLANCE, AND GESTURES! NARDA SEEMS TO BURN LIKE A REDHOT COAL! THE WARRIORS DROP HER, WITH CRIES OF PAIN.



"I DON'T KNOW WHAT WIZARDRY THIS IS," CRIES ALINA, QUEEN OF ATALAN, "BUT I'LL DESTROY YOUR BEAUTY FOREVER, SO THAT NO MAN WILL EVER LOOK AT YOU AGAIN!"



SHE STABS AT NARDA. MANDRAKE GESTURES HYPNOTICALLY.



--AND ALINA, THE BEAUTIFUL, SEEMS BEAUTIFUL NO LONGER! AT LEAST, NOT IN THE MIRROR!



AN ARMED GUARD TRIES TO STOP MANDRAKE. THE MAGICIAN GESTURES--THE WARRIOR SEEMS TO SPIN ON HIS HEAD, LIKE A TOP!



"WE'LL TAKE CARE OF THIS MAGNETIC LIGHT MACHINE BEFORE WE LEAVE," HE SAYS. "NO MORE SHIPS DRAGGED FROM THE SURFACE. AND ATALAN'S WILL NEVER BE ABLE TO LEAVE HERE AGAIN, BECAUSE THERE'LL BE NO MAGNETIC LIGHT TO PULL THEM BACK AGAIN."

TO BE CONTINUED





# Drifting apart?

**We've never been happier**

*"Just look at us—who'd think that two months ago our marriage was on the rocks. Both of us were finding life pretty much of a problem and we seemed to 'take it out' on each other. I don't know which was worse—the heated arguments or the long cold silences. But all that's changed now—thanks to 'Sanatogen.' 'Sanatogen' has given us a new outlook on life—we have rediscovered each other."*

Most people are familiar with the symptoms of physical fatigue, but many suffer from constant nervous exhaustion and don't recognise it. Some of the symptoms are . . .

**VAGUE UNACCOUNTABLE FEARS  
LACK OF SELF-CONFIDENCE  
NO PHYSICAL "STAYING POWER"  
IRRITABILITY AND SHORTNESS OF TEMPER  
BOREDOM • NERVOUSNESS  
HYSTERIA • DISCOURAGEMENT**

Nervous exhaustion results when the nervous system is starved of its vital food, organic phosphorus. Too often the daily toll of mental concentration, tension, worry or anxiety burns up organic phosphorus at a faster rate than the normal diet can restore it. A chronic condition of nervous exhaustion then follows. 'Sanatogen' is a food—a scientific nerve tonic food. It contains concentrated protein (for depleted tissue) and vital organic phosphorus in the form your system needs. It's so easily digested that even infants can take it.

'Sanatogen' works slowly—but very surely. Right from the first it does you good. A course of 'Sanatogen' restores frayed, worn nerves, rebuilds depleted tissue. Soon you begin to feel better—your nerves become calmer, your outlook brighter, your energy increases and your faith in yourself is restored as 'Sanatogen's' scientific nerve diet restores health and vigour to your nervous system.

'Sanatogen,' at all chemists, 4/9, 8/1, 15/3

Start a course of

## 'SANATOGEN'

**NERVE TONIC FOOD**

The only tonic which restores to the system the food your nerves need.



Benger-Genatosan Pty. Ltd.  
72 Reservoir Street, Sydney.

B.F.P.W.2



## Camilatone

for Lovelier Hair

INDIVIDUALLY YOURS  
with the S.R.S. Beauty Treatment

**HAMPOO:** First step in your individual colour Camilatone Shampoo. Vitamin-charged Camilatone cleanses and invigorates both hair and scalp without harsh drying action.

**RINSE:** With the Toning hair-colour rinse supplied in every packet of Camilatone. Toning brings light and life to your hair and, by subtly defining its natural colour, gives enhanced hair lustrousness. Extra packets of Toning to your individual shade also available.

**STYLING:** With Lustrous-day-long loveliness for your hair with this beautiful and setting cream. Lustrous leaves a silky sheen, makes hair shine unobscured.

## Camilatone

Individual Hair Treatment for  
Lovelier Hair  
At Chemists, Stores, Ladies'  
Hairdressers

C.11.5

## SUPERFLUOUS HAIR EASILY REMOVED AT HOME



Hundreds of women are surprised at the easy way the famous Swedish Wax Penicil removes unwanted hair without "discoloring", leaving the skin clean, velvety, baby-smooth, and lovely. Successfully removes stubborn hairs in 2-3 seconds. The hair comes right out—not merely off—from face, arms, legs and back of neck.

Superior to all known methods. No stinging, no "blasted off" look. Pure, safe, natural ingredients — no smelly chemicals. Positively painless. Sold on Money-back Guarantee for only 10/- post free. Seal under plain wrapper. Send Money Order (obtainable at any P.O.) to-day for—  
Dept. A, Southern Albert Co.,  
1 Raffles St., Wellington, N.Z.

**J**IM kept thinking of Nancy waiting on that Alexander person—bringing him coffee, lighting his cigarettes, probably sitting cozily together in front of a fire in the fireplace while they discussed heroes and heroines.

Eddie Martinson came in from an adjoining office and laid some papers on his desk. "Boss wants you to look over this report on some timber."

Jim nodded. "All right."

Eddie peered. "Feeling okay?"

"Look," Jim said. "Do you know a writer named Alexander—Robert Alexander?"

Eddie shook his head. "Heard he bought a home across the river. Wanted solitude, I hear. Why?"

"Nancy," Jim said, "is working for him. He broke his leg. She types his stuff, holds his hand, takes his temperature, I guess."

"That's simple," Eddie said. "Knock some sense into her." Eddie was a bachelor.

"You don't know Nancy. She throws things. Her maiden name was Callahan."

"All right. Take to staying out late. Come home with lipstick on your handkerchief and powder on your lapel. What's sauce for the goose, remember."

"It wouldn't work," Jim said dully.

"Listen," Eddie said. "You're just a husband, see? No glamor, no dash, no nerve. This writer is a new experience. He's probably lived everywhere, done everything. He's one of those birds in the advertisements—the one with the glass in his hand or sampling cigarettes. You're about as glamorous as a bottle of milk compared to him. You might have been quite a kid at one time, but she's forgotten."

"Nuts," Jim said. "You're a bachelor. You don't understand married life. It isn't that serious."

"Not serious, eh?" Eddie said. "Well, listen, chum. Throw a woman with some man like that, and the first thing you know, he has her hypnotised. Without realising it, she becomes fascinated, and then she starts comparing him with you . . .

and then what happens?" Eddie snapped his fingers. "Bingo!"

"Nuts," Jim said.

"Remember Luther Eldridge?" Eddie asked softly. "She started modelling for that artist who came to town. Two months later—a divorce."

Eddie tapped him on the shoulder. "And you know why? Because Charley Eldridge was blind. Why, if he had done something about it right at first, it never would have happened. A man can't ignore these things, Jim. I'm telling you. It's life, that's what it is, life."

Eddie nodded meaningfully and left the office.

Jim sat at his desk and looked at the report, but he didn't see it. He remembered Esther Eldridge, all right. Esther was a nice girl—just as normal and happy as—

He slammed his hand on the desk and stood up.

What was he doing? A lot Eddie knew, Eddie was half-witted. Every bachelor thinks he knows how to solve marital problems. Anyway, Eddie gossiped like an old woman. Give him a back fence and an apron, and he'd be a great success. Jim brushed Eddie's well-meant words off and went back to work, not realising that certain of Eddie's phrases had crept into his sub-conscious mind.

Nancy was not at home when he walked through the door at five-thirty. He got the evening paper, turned on the radio, took off his shoes, loosened his tie and settled down in his big chair. He yawned and glanced at the paper. Same old thing—murders, an international crisis, and a car smash. He closed his eyes.

When he woke up, Nancy was standing in front of him. She was holding a smoking jacket of dark blue corduroy which had been a Christmas present from a relative, and his slippers.

"Hello," he said.

"Slip this on," Nancy said.

"I don't like that thing," he said.

"It's really very distinguished."

Jim groaned, stood up, and put on the jacket. He put his feet into

his slippers and stood, arms akimbo. Nancy backed off and looked at him, her finger alongside her cheek.

"No," she said. "You're just not the type."

"I hope not," Jim said. He peered suspiciously. "The type for what?" Then a light turned on in his brain. "Oh, I suppose that Alexander character wears one."

"Yes, but he doesn't look the way you do. He looks like—"

Jim raised a hand. "Don't tell me. I know. The Man of Distinction."

"Well, yes."

"That is all I need," Jim said.

"To go around the house with a glass in one hand and a book in the other. In a smoking jacket, no less."

"It's better than a cigarette and a newspaper."

**T**HE next day Jim came home early. He put on a bow tie and his new gabardine slacks. He slipped into his new tweed jacket and he mixed a drink and parked himself in his favorite chair with a copy of "War and Peace."

When Nancy came home, she walked into the front room, said, "Yipe!" took another look, and then said, "Oh, it's you."

Jim nodded coldly, sipped his drink and held up the book. "Tolstoy," he said.

"I hope you don't think you're being funny," Nancy said coldly. "If this is just because I've got a job with a person who is cultured and refined, and because you're jealous, I think you're just making a fool of yourself."

"Me too," Jim said. He stood up. "Well, I've got to toddle off."

"You've got to what?" Nancy shrieked.

"Toddle off," Jim said. "Don't you understand English?"

"And where are you going?"

"Boss called a meeting. Dinner . . . executives . . . I may be late."

"And secretaries, I suppose," Nancy said. "And I suppose you're

going to an executives' meeting in those clothes?"

Jim nodded. "Country Club. Well—" He put on his new hat and kissed Nancy lightly. "See you later." He walked out the door. Nancy peered at him suspiciously.

During the day he had bought a lipstick, a compact, and a bottle of perfume. He put some of the lipstick on his hand and scrubbed it off with the handkerchief. He dropped the compact and lipstick into the pocket of his jacket, and then sprinkled himself liberally with perfume, and went to a picture show.

After the show he had supper and then walked around the town, killing time. It was one o'clock when he pushed open the front door. The house was quiet and dark. He grinned, went into the bedroom, took off his shoes and dropped one of them.

He put the other one on a chair, and presently Nancy said, "Go ahead and drop the other one. I'm awake." She reached up and turned on the bed-lamp. "You smell like a florist shop."

Jim took off his jacket, shirt, and trousers, and picked some new pyjamas out of the drawer. They were made of heavy silk—red-and-white striped, with his initials on the pocket. He went into the bathroom, scrubbed his teeth, and put on the pyjamas. He came back into the bedroom.

"Very instructive meeting," he said.

"Where did you get those pyjamas?" Nancy said.

"These?" Jim looked down at them.

"Nice, aren't they?" He brought out a new robe that he had bought that day. It was dark blue with white piping, and very, very expensive. He slipped it on and put on some new slippers that went with the robe. "Care for a nightcap?"

Nancy sat up in bed. "Nightcap!" she shrieked. "Listen, who do you think you are? Why don't you come to bed and stop acting like the dangerous age?"

Please turn to page 35

## You can be REGULAR AGAIN

and build yourself UP  
without medicines

Kellogg's All-Bran is a natural  
Laxative, Health Food and  
Blood Tonic



"TIRED BLOOD"  
and  
irregularity  
go hand-in-hand!

**BLEMISHES!** When your blood lacks iron it gets weak and tired . . . clogged with impurities. Pimples, blackheads and boils follow. Kellogg's All-Bran cleanses out blood impurities as it cleanses out internal impurities. Helps keep skin clear and healthy.

**ALL-BRAN  
ENRICHES THE  
BLOOD!**

You don't know how well you can feel until you enrich your blood with IRON and become regular the natural way—at the same time! Kellogg's All-Bran is rich in iron . . . actually richer than spinach. It helps build good red blood.

day by day as it relieves constipation. So change to Kellogg's All-Bran . . . effective, gentle, pleasant and safe.

**Delicious This Way.**

Just sprinkle Kellogg's All-Bran over your breakfast cereal. You may prefer to eat it straight out of the packet with sliced fruit, milk and sugar. Or you can make it up into delicious cooked dishes (recipes on every packet). Sold at all grocers. Get some to-day!



Your health depends on what you eat every day. Kellogg's All-Bran will stimulate and maintain daily, gentle, easy regularity. No medicines needed, because it supplies the vital bulk your system needs.

**BULK in a delicious form.** Modern foods are often soft, mushy, over-cooked . . . little or no bulk in them. But Kellogg's All-Bran supplies bulk in a delicious, nut-sweet form. This smooth-acting bulk helps prepare internal wastes for quick, easy and daily elimination. It starts your system functioning again the natural way.

Kellogg's All-Bran does more for you than any laxative which is not also a food. Kellogg's All-Bran is an important source of vitamins B<sub>1</sub> for the nerves, B<sub>2</sub> for the eyes, Calcium for the teeth, Phosphorus for the bones, Niacin for the skin, and Iron for the blood. That is why it helps to build you up

**Kellogg's ALL-BRAN** \* Registered trade mark



**Y**AWNING, Jim sauntered out of the bedroom. "I will come to bed . . . presently," he said. "Not sleepy at the moment." He got a bottle of ginger ale, put some ice cubes in a glass, and poured in the ginger ale. He stirred noisily with a spoon, went into the front room, and picked up "War and Peace." He listened. Nancy wasn't coming in, so he put the book aside and read the evening paper.

The next morning Jim showered and shaved, put on his best suit, picked a tie with great care, and put on a new shirt. He came into the kitchen jauntily and said, "Good morning, darling."

Nancy stared at him, open-mouthed.

"But you never get dressed in the mornings," Nancy said, "until you wander around with your eyes half shut for half an hour, that is."

"Matter of discipline," Jim said. "Get up, freshen up, dress up."

"You sound like a radio advertisement," Nancy observed acidly.

Jim rubbed his hands together. "Well, what's for breakfast?"

"What's the hurry?" Nancy said. "I'm just getting it started."

"Got to get to the office," Jim said briskly.

"Oh, so you're in a hurry to get to the office. I suppose you have a new secretary? Some blonde. Some little office wife. Well, I wonder how she'd like to darn your socks and wash your clothes and iron your shirts and cook your meals. I wonder if she'd like to wash the dishes and sweep and make the beds."

"You sound jealous," Jim said.

"Well, it seems to me you're acting very funny lately. It seems to me you're losing interest in your home and your wife."

"Not at all," Jim said. "Got work to do, that's all." He poured a cup of coffee, drank it, and then said, "Guess I won't wait for breakfast. Bye."

Nancy's lower lip quivered. "Don't you like your little home and your wife any more? Have you tired of me? Aren't I as glamorous as those secretaries?"

"Certainly," Jim said. "Then why don't you kiss me good-bye like you used to?"

## Wayward Wife Continued from page 34

Jim kissed her. He almost weakened, but hardened his heart. "I'll see you," he said. He walked out the door and went to the garage.

When he got to the office, he looked up Eddie Martinson and grinned. "I took your advice and I think it's working. She thinks I've got a new secretary . . . an office wife."

"That's the stuff," Eddie said. "Keep her guessing. Before long, she'll forget about working for that writer and start worrying about keeping you under her thumb."

"I think you're right," Jim said.

"By the way, the boss wants to see you," Eddie said.

Jim went into the inner sanctum. He said, "Good morning," to Mr. Whitley, his boss.

"Got a job for you, Jim," his boss said. "This must be handled quietly. You saw the report on that timber yesterday?"

Jim nodded. "It looked good to me."

"Well, here's the position. Tim Larson has the contract for that section. We think he can be bought out and he'll turn the contract over to us. We need that timber and we don't want the Corkavan people to hear about it. So I want you to hop up there right away, see Larson, and get his name on the dotted line. We want the thing in the bag by tomorrow. Got it?"

Jim nodded. "I'll leave right away. Just as soon as I phone my wife."

"Don't tell her where you're going," Mr. Whitley warned. "You know how women talk."

Jim nodded. "Okay."

"One more thing," his boss said. "I have to send Miss Vaughan to Portland. She can go with you, and you can

drop her off at the office there. Okay?"

Jim nodded. "Right." He went back to his office and picked up the phone. He hoped Nancy hadn't left for Alexander's home yet, but she had, apparently, because there was no answer.

He put down the phone and stood irresolute for a moment, and then picked up the phone again, asked for Information, and requested Alexander's number. He waited impatiently, and then heard the operator tell him that the writer had no phone.

Jim slapped the phone down and looked up Eddie. "Listen," he said. "I have to go away, and Nancy is at that writer's place and he hasn't a phone. So to-night will you phone her and tell her that I had to go away on business and that I'll be back to-morrow?"

Eddie nodded. "Right." Then he shook his head. "But I think you should let her think you've run off with some blonde. Then, when you come back, she'll swoon in your arms."

"Don't get any bright ideas," Jim said. "You phone."

"All right, but I still think—"

Jim collected Miss Vaughan and then drove home. He packed a bag and looked over his suits. He remembered that he had some things

to go to the cleaner's, pulled the stuff out of the lowboy, put it over his arm and left the house. He left the clothes at the cleaner's and took off for Pinedale.

There had been a leak somewhere, but he beat the Corkavan man by half an hour.

Jim drove home the next day, feeling pleased with himself. He went to the office, handed everything over to his boss, and drove home. He went in and yelled, "Nancy!"

There was no answer. He looked at his watch and frowned. He went into the bedroom and looked at her dressing-table. It was as clean as an executive's desk. Not a bottle of lotion or jar of cream cluttered up the top. Panicky, he went to her wardrobe and looked. It was bare. Her clothes were gone, along with her three bags.

He ran to the telephone and called Eddie. "Listen. What did you say to Nancy?"

"I couldn't get her," Eddie said. "I kept trying till midnight and then gave up. Something wrong?"

"She's gone!"

"What did I tell you?" Eddie said. "She probably ran away with that writer, just like Esther Eldridge."

Jim drove to Alexander's address. He found the house tucked away in the trees, and he banged on the door. Someone inside told him to come in.

Jim burst in the door. A thin-faced, dark-eyed, grey-haired man sat in front of the fireplace. He wore a smoking jacket, and he had a glass in one hand and a book in the other. But there his resemblance to The Man of Distinction ended. He was seventy years old if he was a day.

Jim looked wildly around the room. "I—," he said, and stopped.

"Ah . . . looking for something?" the man said.

"My wife," Jim said, "and that writer, Alexander."

"Oh, yes," the man said. "You must be Nancy's husband."

Jim nodded. "Who are you?"

"My name is Alexander, and I write books—after a fashion—and it seems that you have run off with a blonde."



"Would you care to hear some real classical music? I've got Bach's E Minor Concerto by Benny Goodman, Schubert's Fifth Symphony by Duke Ellington, Moonlight Sonata by Spike Jones, La Boheme and Madame Butterfly, sung by Jerry Colonna and . . ."

Please turn to page 36

## INECTO

HAIR COLOURING



in 30 minutes

restores your hair to its natural shade

## INECTO

HAIR COLOURING  
Consult your Hairdresser or Chemist

Keep your white shoes and accessories snow white with . . .

## KIWI WHITE CLEANER

- Doesn't rub off easily
- Dries extra quickly
- Easy to apply
- A tube lasts a season



Kiwi White makes white shoes whiter

## DAINTY HANDWORKED BLOUSE STILL PERFECT—yet the material is 46 years old!



"These fancy pillow slips are really lovely," exclaims Aunt Jenny. "Yes," smiles Mrs. Atkins. "Would you believe that they are over 20 years old? They were embroidered by my mother who is now 94 and living in Melbourne, but see—they're still beautiful and all due to Velve's gentle care."



"And just feel this hand-worked quilt," Mrs. Atkins continues. "It was originally in my glory box, with that beautiful white linen breakfast cloth and the lovely old damask table cloth. They're treasures to me and I can heartily thank Velve for their wonderful condition today."

### ANOTHER VELVET SOAP RECORD, says Aunt Jenny

Mrs. R. Atkins of 108 Mill Hill Road, Bond Junction, smiles proudly as she shows the blouse to Aunt Jenny.

"My mother originally bought the handworked material in India in 1903," she says. "It was first made into a skirt and then cut down and made into this lovely blouse. I'm certainly thankful for the way Velve has kept it fresh and new-looking all these years."



### AND LADIES, HERE'S THE REASON WHY CLOTHES WASHED WITH VELVET LAST SO MUCH LONGER



FABRICS WASHED WITH ORDINARY SOAP—seen under a magnifying glass—look frayed and worn out because hard-rubbing is necessary with skimpy, inferior lather. And look how those weary-wild suds leave dirt ingrained in the weave!



FABRICS WASHED WITH VELVET SOAP—seen under a magnifying glass—stay strong as new, year after year, because no hard-rubbing is needed with Velve's extra-soapy suds. And not a trace of dirt left behind.



Tune in Monday to Thursday "AUNT JENNY'S REAL-LIFE STORIES"



Our answer to rising  
meat prices



# Wham

—the tasty summer  
delicacy of sugar  
cured ham and  
prime beef cuts.

Enjoy meat this way! Have  
it whenever you like—and  
save on your weekly meat  
bill at the same time!

Wham is economical to  
buy. There is no waste, no  
bone, no fat—all rich,  
good, nourishing meat.  
Wham is ready in a jiffy.  
No cooking, no prepara-  
tion, so serve Wham for  
delicious summer meals,  
snacks, sandwiches and pic-  
nics. Wham is made by  
Kraft—and that's a fine  
guarantee of quality. Get  
some Wham today.



You know how pressure cooking  
seals in the flavour of meat  
and vegetables. Well, Wham is  
pressure cooked—in the tin.  
That's why Wham always tastes  
so extra delicious... always  
brings you the rich, nourishing  
goodness of selected ham and  
prime beef.

ASK FOR  
**Wham**  
the delicious  
**RED FEATHER**  
Ham Delicacy  
made by **KRAFT**

Available in 12 oz. and  
4 oz. cans.

W91

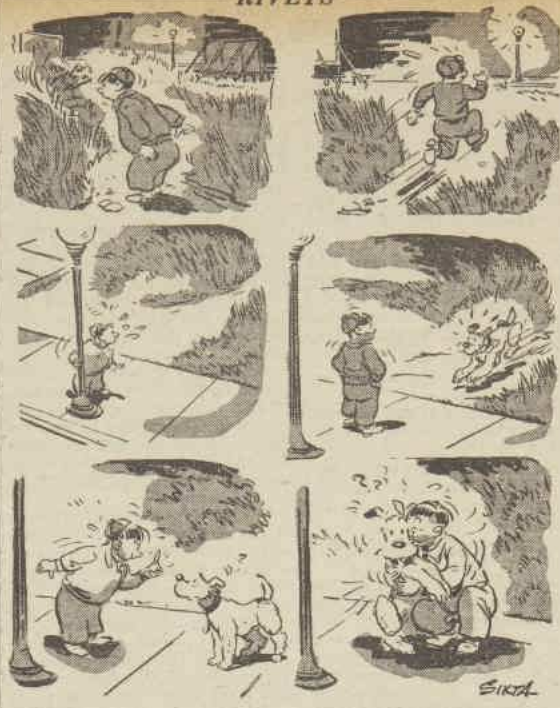


**Banish Denture Odour!**  
with  
**MILTON**  
**DENTURE POWDER**

PRICE  
**3!**

CHEMISTS  
ONLY

## RIVETS



## Wayward Wife

Continued from page 35

**J**IM looked startled. "Run off  
with a blonde!" he yelled.  
"What do you mean, run off with a  
blonde?" He peered suspiciously.  
"Nancy said you were thirty-seven.  
Sure you aren't his father? Sure  
you aren't covering up for some-  
one?"

The writer lifted his glass. "If  
you'd care for a drink? No? ...  
Well, your wife went home for  
lunch, and it seems that one of the  
neighbors saw you leaving the  
house with several suitcases and the  
rest of your clothes over your arm.  
There was also," the writer con-  
tinued, "a blonde woman in your  
car. Nancy came back to tell me  
she was leaving ... Sure you  
wouldn't care for a drink? Just  
milk. Ulcers, you know."

He sighed. "I thought Nancy  
was single. Wouldn't have hired  
her otherwise. Husbands are always  
getting ideas about writers. Don't  
know why. Old age and ulcers.  
Perfectly harmless. Like to have  
young people around, though. That's  
why I advertised for a young  
woman ... Sure you won't stay for  
dinner?" Jim shook his head.

"She probably gave you some big  
story about me to make you jealous.  
Women, you know. Very complex  
creatures."

Jim scratched his head. "Any  
idea where she's gone?"

"Home to mother, I expect.  
Don't they all go there?"

Jim went to the door. "Thanks."

"Don't blow a fuse," Alexander  
said. "She probably had her rea-  
sons."

Jim drove the fifty miles to  
Nancy's parents' home in sixty-five  
minutes. He pulled up in front of  
the house, ran up the steps, and  
burst in the front door.

"Get out, you blonde-chaser!"

Nancy shrieked. "You snake in the  
grass! And don't think I don't  
know! Lipstick and a compact and  
a handkerchief all smeared with  
lipstick in your pocket! That  
blonde in your car! Ha!"

"Listen," Jim said. "It's all a  
mistake."

"You're right it's all a mistake!"  
Nancy yelled. "You were tired of  
your little home and your wife, and  
I knew it! That's why I got that  
job with the man who writes books  
with a broken leg!"

"He hasn't a broken leg," Jim  
said. "And he's seventy years old.  
What's the big idea, anyway, giving  
me ideas?"

"Oh," Nancy said. She sat down

on the settee. "I just did it to  
make you jealous, so you'd pay  
more attention to me!"

"Pay more attention! Are you  
crazy?"

"And instead of that I drove you  
into the arms of that blonde ...  
that little office wife!" Nancy  
flopped face down on the settee and  
started bawling her head off.

"Listen, you lamebrain!" Jim  
shouted. "I bought that lipstick and  
compact and smeared it myself, per-  
sonally. And the boss sent me away  
on a trip, and I dropped Miss  
Vaughan in Portland. I was just  
doing that to make you jealous, to  
keep you interested, but if you're  
such a thickhead you can't see it,  
then you can go to—"

"You can't talk to Nancy that  
way," Nancy's mother said.

Jim turned round. His mother-in-  
law was standing in the doorway,  
her hands folded under her apron.

"You keep out of this!" he howled.

"Nancy's my wife, and I'll talk to  
her any way I please!"

Nancy's mother said, "You get out  
of this house, Jim Cartwright!"

Nancy jumped off the settee.

"Mother," she said, "you haven't any  
right to order Jim around like that.  
He only did it to make me jealous;  
you heard him say so."

"I think he's a woman chaser and  
a deceiver, and in my day we'd have  
had him horsewhipped."

"He is not!" Nancy said. "If  
you're going to talk to Jim like that  
and order him out of your house, I'll  
leave too!"

Nancy's mother shrugged her  
shoulders. "Suit yourself. But if I  
had my way—"

"You're not having your way,"  
Nancy said. She put her arms  
round Jim and she said, "He was  
only doing his best. He was only try-  
ing to make me jealous. I think  
that's sweet." She pulled his head  
down and kissed him, and her mother  
waited for them to stop, but she  
finally gave up and went back in  
the kitchen.

"What was all the shouting for?"  
Nancy's father said.

Nancy's mother smiled. "I was  
just using a little trick taught me  
many years ago by my mother. To  
break up a family fight, all you have  
to do is get in on one side or the  
other and then duck. It's a great  
time-saver."

(Copyright)



**UP AND OVER!** It's good to  
see a clean, nervous jump.  
This young lady knows what  
she's doing, and enjoys every  
minute of it.



Good times and good chocolate  
go together. Your first taste  
proves the quality of Mac  
Robertson's "Extra Cream"  
Milk Chocolate. That satisfying  
flavour of full-cream country  
milk, blended with super-  
smooth chocolate, lingers on  
your tongue. You can taste the  
"Extra Cream". Ask for "Extra  
Cream" Milk Chocolate in the  
quarter-pound block.

ES





## Interesting People



MR. RICHARD BONYNGE  
... many music wins

**WINNER** of The Australian Women's Weekly Piano Scholarship at the 1949 City of Sydney Fistedford, Richard Bonyngne, on the same night—his 19th birthday—was awarded the Beatrice Tange Open Pianoforte Championship. Prize-money, with that of the Savage Club Scholarship won earlier this year, will be saved for study abroad next year. Fees at Sydney Conservatorium, where he is a pupil of Lindley Evans, have been paid by scholarship won for four successive years. The first member of his family to be a musician, he first showed his talent by tapping out tunes on a toy piano when he was four years old.



MRS. CAROLINE SOMMERS  
... decorates airliners

**RESPONSIBLE** for the interior decoration of American luxury airliners is Mrs. Caroline Sommers, Supervisor of Industrial Design for American Airlines. Before war had never had a job, went to work as an airline draftsman, revising engineering blueprints. In designing interiors breaks away from conservative colors traditional in public transport. Will look at as many as 200 fabrics before making a choice. Apart from selecting furnishings, floor and wall coverings, chooses blankets, pillows, linens, and silver.



MR. LEWIS WAY  
... pupil of Adler

**STUDYING** our social administration of aborigines is brilliant scholar Lewis Way, author of "Man's Quest for Significance" and "Adler's Place in Psychology." From Alice Springs will go to Papua and New Guinea, writing book on his findings. Cambridge graduate in Economics, he studied psychology in Vienna under late Professor Adler, was secretary of London Group for Individual Psychology, of which Professor was president. He likes art and vividly colored sports clothes.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - October 22, 1949

## Poison in the House

Continued from page 7

**JEDIDAH** took the teapot to the stove and poured in some hot water. Over her shoulder, avoiding the girl's eyes, she said, "I'd grown too big for orphanage. They was glad to get me off their hands. He told them he wanted wife."

"But why should Reff Steen go to an orphanage for a wife?"

"To know that you've got to know Reff. His father, too, I guess. In old days they worked farm with convict labor... cheap. When there was no more convicts guess Reff still wanted things for nothin'. And he wanted wife with no kith or kin... no one to interfere."

"I see," the girl said slowly. Jedidah splashed some milk in the teacups.

"Anyway... he didn't marry me," she said, "because when we was leavin' orphanage Dulcinia came rushin' up. Another minute and we'd been gone." She looked up, the milk-jug still in her hand.

"Did you ever think, Vashti, how long a minute is? It's so long it can wreck your hopes and scatter your dreams. It can start your heart sourin' and scrawl a pattern for lines on your face... Another minute and we'd been away, but Dulcinia had sneaked out."

"He'd told me to climb into the dray, and when she came up fussin' and started to say good-bye, tellin' how glad she was I was to be married but wantin' only to get a peek at my man, he stood and stared. Her face was all flushed like yours when you came runnin' in jist now, and he asks her what's her name."

"Dulcinia," she says, like lamb. He was lookin' her up and down like she was mare at saleyards, and 'Dulcinia,' he says again, like he was makin' a note of it in his mind, and then he jumps into dray and gives horse a cruel stroke."

Jedidah put the milk-jug down and stood with the teapot in her hand, living again the bitter past.

"He doesn't look at me... and he doesn't speak... and we don't call at no church. There was no railway then, and it's a long, tiresome journey, but there's Pelverson at last, and he tells me to make fire and get supper."

"He sits down here... by the stove... with his great legs stuck out so now and then I nearly stumble over them and watches me as I move about... not sayin' a word. And, suddenly, he gives a great, bitter laugh and sings out, 'By all! I thought I was a good man in a deal.'"

"Then he gets up and peers into a bit of a mirror we had on wall there till I broke it, stickin' his face close up to glass, and he asks his face, 'You know who you're lookin' at, Reff Steen? You're lookin' at a man who could've had pick o' basket and took for himself a sour-apple.'"

"Oh, Jedidah."

"I was only sixteen, but I was the sour apple." She poured the tea from the forgotten pot and set it down.

"He don't say 'nother word. He don't even look at me. There's just two of us in house and he don't even look at me. It's like I wasn't there. And at last he picks candle off shelf and goes out that door there, slammin' it after him, shuttin' me out o' whatever life it was he'd planned."

"I'm by myself in kitchen and wick o' lamp starts flutterin' because oil's runnin' out, so I take my candle, too, and find my own room, and my own bed and cry myself to sleep."

"Poor Jedidah."

Jedidah sniffed. "Cried enough tears to sink boat that night, but wasn't no one to hear nor care if they did hear. After that night he don't talk to me at all. When he wants somethin' he points and I know all time he's blamin' me 'cause he didn't see Dulcinia first. Then, one mornin' he's gone and in a few weeks he's back... with her."

"Dulcinia?"

Jedidah nodded slowly. "He must have done some fast talkin' at orphanage," she said. "Reckon they made a deal. They give un Dulcinia to get Holper off their hands."

"Holper?"

"He was kid o' thirteen, weak in head, and no use to no one in city. Reckon Reff thought he'd get his keep out o' him... Sides, he'd married Dulcinia and Holper was peace offerin' to me. Holper's my brother."

It was a double-barrelled surprise for the girl. "Holper... your brother?" was all she managed to say.

"I'm Jedidah Holper," the housekeeper told her. "Never yet heard Holper called anythin' but Holper."

"And Dulcinia came here... as a bride?"

Jedidah nodded. "When you come in with old un, 't'other day, I seen it in my mind all over again. 'Jedidah,' he says, 'this is Dulcinia. Make her welcome. Pour tea. Carry bag. I'll have you know she's a Steen and I'll have no black moods.'"

"When night comes he has us on our knees and prays, same as with you, that we will live in peace and Almighty'll rid canker o' jealousy from my heart. He's got his eyes closed and I hap to squiz Dulcinia and she's winkin' at me and somehow it makes me feel better."

They'd both forgotten their tea, the older woman engrossed in past trials, the story flowing now that the floodgates were down, the younger one's prospects and problems obliterated as she visualised the two girls, neither as old as she, in the lonely house in lonelier years and under the dominance of Reff Steen.

She said, "Dulcinia had my room?"

"They shared your room for nigh on three years," Jedidah said, "cept when he was tired out and wanted early sleep, then, after she finished chores, she'd turn in with me downstairs so's he wouldn't be disturbed."

**AFTER** a little remissent pause, Jedidah went on, "But a young pretty thing like that warn't no mate for gloomy man twice her age. Dulcinia had devil in her eyes, and all Bible-thumpin' in world wouldn't drive it out, no more 'n all the lights dancin' in 'em could bring smile to Reff's stiff lips."

She sighed faintly. "It worried Reff Steen he couldn't get himself a child, but he was too set up with himself to know that what looks there was in the district had got wind of her, and it warn't long before Holper was bringin' her pencil-writin' from the young uns scattered Dandaloo way."

"He'd forbade her to go past post-and-rail fence 'cept she was with him, but while he slept she was out and over fence and through fields while he dreamed she was in dairy with me."

"I dunno who she saw or what happened, but I'd listen for her comin' in and I'd take her shoon from her and clean the red clay off soles before Reff was stirrin' in the mornin'."

"Like you're cleaning mine, Jedidah."

"One night she came in late. She's got a bottle o' whisky someone's given her, and she wants me to try taste with her. When I won't she says, 'Well, I won't either, Jedidah. We'll keep it for celebration.' I hid it for her, and it's still hid. It's never been opened."

"I warned her it couldn't go on... but I guess she'd met someone. The way her eyes took fire and the color lit her cheek when she come in one night, I knew there was someone above all others."

"Poor Dulcinia."

Please turn to page 38

## Keen on Swimming?



Your hair gets hungry in this climate. Hungry for the natural oils which sun, salt water and wind draw from your scalp! If you don't replace these oils then you're in for DRY SCALP and "HUNGRY HAIR".

Just a few drops of "Vaseline" Hair Tonic every morning supplement the natural scalp oils and guard against

lifeless "HUNGRY HAIR". "Vaseline" Hair Tonic helps clear away loose dandruff and leaves your hair well-groomed and protected. Give your hair this special care. Ask for "Vaseline" Hair Tonic.

Your hair looks better, your scalp feels better.



**Vaseline**  
TRADE-MARK  
**HAIR TONIC**

Double care—both Scalp and Hair



CF-8

**"I'm Fussy...."**  
that's why I prefer

**MUM**

(TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION)

**Safe for Skin.** No irritating crystals. Snow-white Mum is gentle, harmless.

**Safe for Charm.** Mum stops underarm odor and gives sure protection all day or all evening.

**Safe for Clothes.** No harsh ingredients in Mum to rot or discolor fine fabrics. Economical, too, Mum does not dry out in the jar and is easy to use, even after you're dressed.



M124



## What makes ANACIN different?



The action of Quinine in Anacin makes it entirely different from any similar pain treatment. Quinine combines with Phenacetin and Caffeine to sustain and fortify the effects of Aspirin whilst doing away with undesirable after-effects.

Thousands of doctors and dentists throughout the world recommend Anacin for the relief of pain and headaches because they know it is just like a prescription. Four ingredients which dissolve quickly and work with amazing speed. Naturally Anacin costs a little more—but it does a great deal more for you.



## ANACIN

For SAFE and QUICK relief

**J**EDIDAH said gravely: "It were poor Dulcinia all right, for like I told her it happened. There was new foal in stable, and, unbeknownst to us, Refl had planned to look it over at one in mornin'. I was lyin' awake waitin' for Dulcinia to come in . . . full of forebodin' I was, I remember, when I heard him go out." She sighed.

"I went to Holper's room . . . he was 'lowed to sleep in house then . . . shook um. I won't never forget that night, Vashli. Seein' you come in pretty, all colored up like she were, fresh from your kissin', brought it all back."

Jedidah had managed to make the half-conscious Holper understand at last. He was to slip out and intercept Dulcinia and tell her Refl Steen was in the stable attending to the foal, and warn her to be careful he didn't hear her cross the yard.

Presently Holper had gone, silent on bare feet, and Jedidah was waiting at her door, straining her ears and trembling, hoping Dulcinia would come in and reach her bed before Refl returned. And then she heard the step in the dark.

She called softly, "Dulcinia . . . you're here at last."

For an instant there was no reply and then the silence was broken by Refl Steen. He had returned to the kitchen for something he'd forgotten. His voice was awful in its intensity.

"Who called . . . Dulcinia?"

Jedidah had given a startled exclamation and he went on under his breath, "Don't move, Jedidah," and crossed the kitchen and stood beside her. "We'll wait together."

His hand had gripped her arm and they stood in the dark, neither speaking nor stirring for what seemed an eternity, but what was in reality perhaps five minutes, before they heard a small whispering sound.

Jedidah knew it was made by Holper and Dulcinia who had seen the light in the stables and were hurrying secretly across the yard.

She'd felt Steen's body stiffen and knew he'd reached out his other arm and was feeling for the whip hanging on a hook on the wall. A great thick knob of a handle it had, weighted with lead, and there was a cruel lash on the other end.

He must have sensed that Jedidah was about to cry out for he clamped a hand over her mouth and she could smell the leather of the whip he was grasping.

From across the room came Dulcinia's whisper. "I'm all right now, Holper. You go back to bed."

Refl Steen spoke with slow menace. "Light the lamp, Jedidah."

There was nothing to do but obey and with trembling fingers she set a match to the wick. Dulcinia was standing at the kitchen door. She had no hat and she was holding her shoes in her hand, and beside her was Holper, with a coat over his night-shirt, his mouth gaping and terror in his eyes.

Dulcinia must have seen the expression on Steen's face and noted how he was bending the whip in his hand, holding both thong and handle, for she shivered and covered her face.

"That's right," he said. "Tis seemly you should hide your shamelessness."

Jedidah cried, "There were no harm meant."

"Silence," he cried. "Turn lamp higher," and when she obeyed, he glanced at the hapless couple in the doorway. "The daughter o' the devil and the convict's spawn," he cried, and gave a bitter laugh. "Fit company."

Dulcinia dropped her hands. "Holper had nothing to do with it," she cried, and went on in a rush, "You don't let me out. I've got to go out sometimes."

"In middle o' night? 'Cross fields? Dallyin' in paddocks!" he scoffed.

"There was no harm, I tell you."

"Harm, she says," he shouted, "standin' wanton, with no hat . . . her shoon covered with Hucksditch clay in her hand, sneakin' barefoot from her abominations! How long has this been goin' on? How long, I say?" He brought the whip down on the kitchen table with a crack.

"Refl . . . this is the first time . . ."

Jedidah began, but he bade her hold her tongue.

"You'd let a woman perjure you out of your shame," he accused Dulcinia. "I took you from orphanage . . ."

## Poison in the House

Continued from page 37

"I were happier in orphanage," she flared back.

"I were goin' in time to make you heires o' Pelvernon if you would live circumspect."

"I don't want to live circumspect," Dulcinia cried with spirit. "I been circumspect since day I was born. I mustn't do this or that . . . I got to ask everybody!"

"Silence!" he thundered.

"I won't be silent," she cried, beside herself. "God gave me tongue to use."

"God gave you tongue to pray with," he came back.

"I don't care," she shouted at him. "There ain't nothin' in Bible sayin' girl can't stick up for herself." She pounded the table with her small fist. "Bible, bible, bible," she raved. "Bible don't tell you what, Refl Steen. You tell bible what?"

"Wanton!" he cried, crunching the whip in his hands. "I'll hear no blaspheming."

"Tain't blaspheming," Dulcinia cried. "You hypocrite and liar. You took me from orphanage with lies."

**D**ULCINIA turned, pointing at Jedidah. "You took her with lies. You took us out of one prison and put us in 'nother. You call me a name, Refl Steen. I call you a name, too. Liar . . . liar . . . liar. And I give you something from your Bible, too, and it says all liars'll be thrown into a lake of fire and brimstone."

Refl Steen thrust at the table so that Jedidah screamed, fearing for the light. She seized it and held it and as Refl Steen thrust again the table overturned.

"I'll whip the wickedness out o' you, wanton," he shouted.

Jedidah screamed, "Refl . . . no, no," and Holper began to whimper, "Don't whip her, don't."

Telling the story, Jedidah had covered her face with her hands. She looked up again.

"It all happened so dreadful quick," she said. "While she talked back at un he was bendin' whip in

his hands like he was testin' it, and then he raised his arm and, as I put lamp down on dresser, Holper let out cry like animal and sprang at un and grabbed thong of whip."

"Steen wrenched it away, and, holdin' it half down handle, aimed blows at lad. But Dulcinia screamed and rushed in to protect un, and loaded knob on handle took her over ear and I caught her as she fell."

"Steen dropped whip, I remember. His mouth was gapin' at his big, hairy hands as if he were askin' 'em what had happened. He said, all of a dither, 'Dulcinia . . . you're not hurt bad. You can't be hurt bad. There's no blood.'"

"She was unconscious, though. Steen says, 'I didn't aim to hit her, and carries her upstairs and tells me to bathe her head.' 'She'll be well in mornin', he says. But she weren't. 'Twere days before she come round, and when she did Pelvernon had got two daffies instead of one."

"You mean," the girl faltered, "she never recovered?"

"She never came out o' room again . . . till day she died. Oh, she walked and talked. Round and round room, never stoppin', speakin' to herself, singin' little songs same as Holper does."

"But . . . the doctor?"

Jedidah laughed scornfully. "Him get a doctor after what he done? And about here there was no doctor. Folk was born and died without doctor. There was no police. Men was their own lawmakers and their own policemen. Then Dulcinia warn't too sick to walk about and eat. It were here there were trouble."

Jedidah touched her forehead. "Refl wouldn't let no one see her . . . not that anyone ever come. He fancied she'd take to heels and tell once she got out, so he kept her close shut in room. But he never talked to her, and he's never been in room since. Seems afraid of it."

"But . . . his brother?"

"Your pa was livin' at what, later on, he called Lindalade, after your ma. I guess he knew 'bout Dulcinia, but what could he do without startin' some trouble for Refl? He was in bad enough already by bringin' your ma back."

Please turn to page 39

DO YOU KNOW?

# WOODEN TEETH!

## BUTTERFLY

TASTES with FEET!

A BUTTERFLY (PYRAMIES ATALANTA) HAS ITS TASTE ORGANS ON ITS FEET! YOUR TASTE-BUDS-ON YOUR TONGUE-ARE OFTEN DULLED BY SMOKING. KOLYNOS REVIVES THEM... REFRESHES YOUR ENTIRE MOUTH.

ANCIENT JAPANESE MADE DENTURES OF WOOD, WITH PEBBLES AS FRONT TEETH! KEEP YOUR NATURAL TEETH AND KEEP THEM HEALTHY WITH ANTISEPTIC KOLYNOS. KOLYNOS BUBBLES LEAVE YOUR TEETH SURGICALLY CLEAN.

## More MONEY in YOUR Pocket!

KOLYNOS SAVES YOU MONEY BECAUSE IT'S CONCENTRATED. IT LASTS TWICE AS LONG AS ORDINARY TOOTH-PASTE BECAUSE HALF AN INCH ON A DRY BRUSH IS PLENTY!

## KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM

## MACHINE to CLEAN TEETH!

SLOT MACHINES IN U.S.A. SUPPLY TOOTHBRUSH AND POWDER FOR PEOPLE WHO FORGET TO CLEAN THEIR TEETH BEFORE LEAVING HOME!

KOLYNOS CLEANS BETTER, TASTES BETTER, LASTS LONGER!

## U.S. DENTIST'S GREAT CLAIM!

A NEW YORK DENTIST CLAIMS TO BE ABLE TO CUT DENTAL DECAY IN HALF WITH A MIXTURE OF SODIUM FLUORIDE AND DISTILLED WATER! GIVE YOUR TEETH DAILY PROTECTION AGAINST DECAY - WITH ANTISEPTIC KOLYNOS



AGAIN there was a reminiscent pause, then Jedidah continued, "Your pa had gone to Sydney on business, and one night, when the devil was in him, he sneaked into playhouse and saw her, and that was end o' him . . . and beginnin' o' you. But you know all that."

"But she . . . my mother . . . knew all about Dulcinea?" the girl asked.

"She didn't know it all. She knew Dulcinea was in this house and that no one ever saw her. Perhaps she suspected, I dunno. But she was always breakin' her neck to get away, even before you was born."

"But surely, Jedidah, you could have told someone what Steen did?"

"I told you no one came here . . . never to house . . . and he warned me. He said if ever we telled a soul he'd say Holper hit her in madness. Folks would have believed him. His word against a poor daft lad as had got Satan in him sudden and a sour apple from an orphanage!"

Her fingers began to beat a nervous tattoo on the table, and she avoided the other's eyes. "Might as well know, Vashti," she went on, "there's bad blood in Holper an' me. We was sired by convict."

Again Jedidah covered her face with her hands. The girl put out a hand and touched her shoulder gently. "I'm glad you told me all this," she said. "It makes a difference."

And it did, she was telling herself, indignant and angry together. Now that she knew all Reff Steen's past she felt no compunction in going on with the business Sam Spellman had thought up. She wished he'd come soon, so the sooner she could laugh in Steen's face and run off and marry Steve Garvie.

It would be almost like one of the farces in which she used to take part at the end of the show, going to church next Sunday, hearing her banns called, knowing in a little while Reff Steen would be the laughing-stock of every scandalmonger in the district.

She'd been the recipient of so much confidence she felt tempted to reveal her own secret plans, but she remembered in time Steve's explicit instructions not to tell anyone . . . not even Jedidah.

## Poison in the House

Continued from page 38

For a moment the horrid story of the long past was wiped out by the realisation of her own bright prospects. In a week, Spellman had said! In a few days, Steve had promised.

In a fortnight or less she'd be with the man she loved, with money in her pocket to help him start afresh, and Pelverson and all its nastiness already fading into the past.

Jedidah was regarding her curiously. "A penny for your thoughts, Vashti," she offered, and without waiting for an answer picked up the two cups of cold tea and emptied them down the sink.

"You're much like Dulcinea," she said. "S'pose you're still tastin' Steve Garvie's kisses. Reckon too, if ever time came, you could stand up to Reff Steen like Dulcinea did to very end."

"What was the end, Jedidah?"

"You've seen her bible in the room up there. It's got broken back. One day Reff found it on cobbles below window where she tossed it. He knelt on cobbles and prayed for her."

"Because she'd thrown the bible from the window? But perhaps she didn't throw it. Perhaps it was an accident."

THE old woman nodded. "I said that," she said. "I said it to un over and over in this very kitchen. I said it to un in fear o' what would come from that window next. But . . . 'It were not accident,' he says, 'the devil has her body and soul.'"

She had rinsed the cups mechanically and now stood, cup in one hand, tea-towel in the other, unaware of either.

"Reff said none was to go up to her. None was to speak to her. So him and me sat down to supper and I couldn't bite nor swallow and then Holper came bustin' into room, whimperin'. He was boy of sixteen then. It had been rainin' hard and his fair hair was drenched over his forehead and his poor coat all wet and I guess he'd been standin' in the downpour watchin' Dulcinea's window."

"Reff shouted to un to shut up

but he kept on whimperin' and beatin' his breast tryin' to find word to make us understand. 'Tis said the daft is given somethin' us folks ain't got. Mad he maybe, but he knew that night, knew more'n me and Reff Steen together, Vashti."

Just as Jedidah told the girl saw it . . . the bare scrubbed table set for the evening meal, Steen and Jedidah at either end, Jedidah alarmed, Steen glowering, Holper gibbering.

"Stop that blubberin'," Reff had cried. "Stop it or I'll whip hide off you."

"No, no," Holper had been suddenly coherent. "No whip."

"Then get out."

Always, Jedidah related, Holper had run at the mention of the whip, but this time he stayed, trembling, stammering incoherencies, pointing upward, and suddenly he ceased all movement, his mouth open. They had been aware of Dulcinea's footsteps going round and round on their endless journey; now, they realised, the sound had stopped.

The attitude of the half-wit and the sinister silence loaded the atmosphere with threatened tragedy, and then, abruptly, Holper uttered a cry like an animal determined to break its restraining chain or choke. In a bound he was through the passage door and making for the stairs.

Quick as he'd been, however, Steen had grabbed the whip from its hook and had seized Holper's ragged coat before he was halfway up.

"Let un bel! Let un bel!" Jedidah cried. "He knows more'n you . . . more'n me. I'm goin' to her."

Steen stood barring the way, glowering down at her, Holper a crumpled, whimpering heap at his feet. "I'll have none go to her," he cried. "She threw word of God on cobbles. The devil has her in his grip."

Then, according to Jedidah, as though he had uttered a cue in some horrid tragedy, there came a rending shriek from the closed room above them. Holper lifted his head quickly, and as quickly covered his ears with his hands to shut out the hideous cry and Time thrust at Reff Steen's appalled visage and greyed and lined it years in a moment.

"It were Dulcinea all right," Jedidah told. "She'd followed bible out o' window. When my legs would work I went to her as she lay in the wet, crumpled on cobbles. It were not pretty. Though she'd got herself up with ribbon in her hair and at her neck . . . it warn't pretty."

"She was . . . dead?"

"She were close to goin'. I knelt down in rain beside her but I had to put ear close to her lips to hear. I dunno . . . but seemed to me her poor mind had come clear, for her eyes were dancin' like in old times. It were hard to look at, knowin' she were dyin'."

"Dulcinea said, 'I can't lift my hand, Jedidah. Lift my hand, please'. So I held her and did what she wanted. Reff Steen was standin' straight as soldier on parade, starin' at her with his eyes like two big marbles."

"Higher, Jedidah," Dulcinea said as I lifted her hand and soon it was restin' on her poor cheek. There was blood there and on her fingers and down her front but she didn't seem to know. Her eyes were still dancin', and then her red thumb was pressed under her nose."

"She made little gaspin' sound with the effort of it but she managed to spread her fingers with littlest of 'em pointed at Reff Steen."

It was late dusk before they heard Reff Steen shouting from the yard for Holper to take his horse. He came into the kitchen, mopping his hot brow, for the day was sultry and the humidity high, calling to Jedidah to pour him some cordial.

Please turn to page 40

STRING-BAG BLUES?  
LOST ALL YOUR FIGHT?

Brisk LIPTON TEA  
WILL PUT YOU RIGHT!



says 'Cuppa Brisk -  
YOU'LL NOTICE THE  
DIFFERENCE WHEN  
YOU TASTE

**Brisk LIPTON'S**

BRISK is the tea-taster's own word to describe the fresh, lively, full-bodied flavour of Lipton tea - a flavour that is the direct result of Lipton's 70 years' experience of growing and blending fine-quality teas.



BRISK FLAVOUR - NEVER FLAT!

L112.R2.WW

**ELDERLY  
BUT NEVER ILL**

FAMILY HEALTH RULE KEEPS RHEUMATISM AT BAY

"It's more years than we care to remember since an old friend of my husband's family put us on to the habit of taking the small daily dose of Kruschen Salts. Since then we've scarcely had a day's illness - certainly nothing serious. When we hear of friends of our own age suffering with rheumatism and old people's complaints we realise just how much we owe to Kruschen."

"I can assure you we are a family of confirmed 'Kruschen regulars'."

**CLEANSE YOUR SYSTEM OF POISONOUS WASTES**

The world's best health assurance is to always place paramount importance on keeping your system free of poisonous wastes which, if retained, may seep into the bloodstream and lead to painful rheumatic ailments.

Kruschen's skillful combination of six salts stimulates the liver and washes out the kidneys and helps them to keep the system cleansed of poisonous wastes.

**TWO WAYS TO TAKE KRUSCHEN**

**MEDICINAL DOSE.** Sufferers from severe muscular pains and aching joints of rheumatism, lumbago, etc., need one teaspoonful of Kruschen taken daily in a tumbler of hot water before breakfast.

**"LITTLE DAILY DOSE."** As much Kruschen as would cover a teaspoon is tasteless in the first morning cup of tea or coffee. Yet it has a stimulating tonic effect, keeps up the system, corrects constipation.

**KRUSCHEN SALTS**

1/6 and 2/9 at Chemists and Stores

The Tonic Effect of Kruschen Keeps Millions of People Fit.

K17-12

**Young daughters find  
Embroidery  
Made Easy**

Two remarkable books, produced in Britain, in full colour.

They cost just 1/- each.

The finest embroidery designers have pooled their knowledge to create these two really fine books which show your kiddies the correct way to embroider. They'll love the interesting way these books are produced, and will quickly learn a sound groundwork for future sewing.

**BOOK 1—Running Stitch, Cross Stitch, Herringbone Stitch.**

**BOOK 2—Chain and Check Chain Stitch, Arrowhead and Back Stitch, Pekinese Stitch, Cross Stitch and Stem Stitch.**

Available from Needlework stores or MAIL THIS NOW—

TO DEPT. W.W., COUPON  
Central Agency (Aust.) Ltd., P.O. Box 2573, SYDNEY.

Dear Sirs—Please send me \_\_\_\_\_ copies of:  
 \* First Embroidery Stitchbook @ 1/- \* More Embroidery Stitches @ 1/-  
 (Cost of postage for one copy is 1/4d.; two copies, 1/4d.; three copies, 2d.; six copies, 41d.)  
 I have enclosed \_\_\_\_\_ to cover cost of books, and postage.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_  
 ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

Postage extra—enclose 1/4d. for every two copies! C.112.W.W.



## "For tasty Nourishing Sandwiches..."

REMEMBER

**KRAFT  
CHEESE**

Says ELIZABETH COOKE,

Kraft Cookery and NUTRITION EXPERT



### INDOORS...

Office work can be strenuous and tiring... and lunch should always be an important meal. It should be tasty, and nourishing. So remember Kraft Cheese for Dad's sandwiches and also for those teen-age sons and daughters of yours.

### OUTDOORS...

If your husband works outdoors then you know how very important it is to give him a lunch that nourishes and sustains him. He needs good body-building FOOD—and that's just what Kraft Cheese is. Kraft Cheese is rich in proteins, Vitamins A, B<sub>2</sub> and D, plus the valuable milk minerals, calcium and phosphorus.



### KRAFT CHEESE SAVES YOU MONEY...

No waste, no rind with Kraft Cheese. You enjoy every delicious bit—right down to the last fresh slice. And everyone enjoys the blended goodness of this mellow cheddar cheese. Not too mild, not too strong—just too good for words!

Available in 8 oz. and 4 oz. cartons

**KRAFT CHEESE**



tastes better  
because it's  
**BLENDED  
BETTER**

WHEN Jedidah had hobbled to the pantry Steen said, "I got some rare news for you, Vashiti. After supper we'll pack old woman off to bed and I'll tell you all 'bout it."

Jedidah returned with the bottle and poured from it into a cup and he drank with relish, smacking his lips. "Pete back yet?" he asked.

"You give him a message for Currawilla," Jedidah said ungraciously. "He won't hurry himself." She was anxious to hear what he had arranged about Holper, but she wasn't going to ask.

"You're quiet, Vashiti," Steen said, and winked knowingly at the unresponsive Jedidah. "Guess, old woman, I'm goin' to give her some news that'll put color into checks."

"I dunno what you mean," Jedidah said, disclaiming interest.

"She'll tell you later," he said, comfortably. "I wouldn't rob no young woman o' pleasure of tellin'. Couldn't tell her before... not till I got everything fixed legal."

After the cold supper had been eaten and the dishes washed and dried, Jedidah was told curtly to be off to her room, and when she had gone Steen bade the girl sit down. She obeyed with every indication of humility, but each nerve in her body was tingling with outraged dignity and horror.

All she'd been told had happened a quarter of a century before, but, as he stood with his back to the cold stove, complacently filling his pipe, the years slipped away and she saw him on the cobbles below her window, staring at the dying Dulcinea.

The thought of the other thing Jedidah had told her came to her mind and she pictured him craftily pulling his own night shirt over the bolster, stabbing it with a stolen knife.

Aloud she said, "What did you arrange about Holper?"

He frowned. "Come, come, Vashiti girl. We don't want unpleasant duty-talk. This is evenin' for celebration."

"But I must know," she persisted. "Must?" He turned the word over on his tongue then struck the bowl of his pipe smartly on the stove.

"Well, well," he said with an air of good-natured comprehension, "suppose it's only natural you'd be interested, but you got nothing to worry 'bout, Vashiti. Seen Ben Lake in Dandaloo and thing's been fixed. Ben'll pop out casual like early next week and take a look at poor chap; then, before you say Jack Robinson, daffie'll be over hills and far away. You need not be frightened of him any more."

She couldn't help saying, "But aren't you frightened? There's to-night and all the nights till the policeman comes."

"You got no cause for alarm," he told her. "We'll keep up in stable room with key turned in lock."

"We?"

"Me and Pete."

"But Pete sleeps with him," she said with foreboding.

"Pete'll sleep in house with me."

"Oh, no," she cried involuntarily.

He raised his eyebrows. "There's room upstairs, next yours."

She was thinking of her keyless door. "But I thought..." she began, and hesitated, fearful of betraying Jedidah's confidence. And then he was adding to her fears.

"Don't you worry, lass. There'll be no climbin' through windows to-night. If you was thinkin' 'bout my safety, I don't mind sayin' I did think Pete was at bottom o' shootin' t'other night. And little to do upstairs also! But I was barkin' up wrong tree."

She made a desperate effort to make him change the arrangements. "But, Uncle," she objected, "if you suspected Pete then, why shouldn't you now? Why have him in the house, so close to you?"

He laughed. "Cause now there

## Poison in the House

Continued from page 39

ain't no reason why he should pop me off, Vashiti," he said. "Ain't no reason in the world. What young Pete's got to do is hope I'll live long enough to see he's learned to be a good boy. I'll let un know that if he behaves I'll leave un a little somethin'. If I was to die to-night he'd get naught."

He almost beamed upon her. "Vashiti Steen'll get the lot."

"Oh..."

"Fair takes your breath away, eh? 'Twas part o' good news I was goin' to spill you. Will's all fixed. I made old Prendergast work fast. Now it's signed and sealed. You get lot."

"But... Jedidah?"

He pulled a piece of paper from his vest pocket.

"Here 'tis," he said, "with all jargon words. I got it copied out to show her." He grinned broadly. "It says, if Vashiti Steen should die unmarried the whole box and dice goes to old woman. It don't mean a thing," he said with a shrug, "but 'twill keep her quiet."

He looked craftily towards the passage door. "Tween you and me, Vashiti, old woman's dried up. Come winter her rheumatics'll lay her up most like. I'm turnin' over in mind best thing to do with her. She'll be not fit company at Pelvernon for young bride..."

"Bride?"

STEEN sucked on his pipe, nodding his head, a satisfied gleam in his eye, the old house-keeper already dismissed from his mind. "Aye," he said. "You'll be Mrs. Vashiti Steen."

"Steen? I don't understand."

He came and sat down, leaning towards her, explaining. "It's like this, Vashiti. Pelvernon's got growin' pains. Already it's given birth to Hucksditch over there." He waved his hand.

"The land needs bright young strapper to work un and put her in shape after Garvie's let her run down." He stretched out his hand and touched her fingers lightly.

"A country has to have king, lass... or queen. And if it be queen

she's got to have consort. There's got to be father for queen's bairns. Well, it's all fixed. Ever since you come back I've been lyin' awake nights and schemin' by day, too, thinkin' what would be best for you, and always my mind come back to one man. Charlie Bates."

He nodded, obviously very satisfied with what he was doing.

"I've fixed with his pa and ma, and lawyer Prendergast is drawin' up papers for Charlie to change his name. You'll be weddin' Charlie Steen. Come Christmas you'll be feedin' a little Steen."

After Steve Garvie's warning she'd expected what he'd tell her, but now she was breathless at his brazen complacency.

"You're overwhelmed, eh?" he asked.

"Yes," she stammered truthfully.

"Yes."

"He's fine big strapper, Charlie," he mused, leaning back in his chair, contemplating his pipe. "Sound as a bell. Big chest. You should see muscles on him." He came out of his reverie and got to his feet and went to the mantelpiece, seeking matches.

"I've fixed for banns to be called at church come Sunday," he told her. "I'll be proud man walkin' up aisle with you."

A restless little breeze rustled the blind at the window, setting the dangling cord in motion, died and came again with a sudden puff that made the flame in the lamp flicker.

Steen began moving to the door to close it, but she was before him, glad of an excuse to turn away a face she was sure was revealing the tumult of confused thought in her mind.

For the briefest moment she stood framed in the doorway, facing the dark blur of the stables, and then the light went out. The darkness brought with it a shattering explosion, on the heels of which came the clatter of breaking crockery, caused by the bullet which whizzed between them.

To be continued

Protection  
against  
napkin  
rash



'BOROFAX' applied at every napkin change, prevents chafing and irritation. It is easy to apply... cannot spill... and is economical.

Obtainable from your chemist in tubes of two sizes.

**'BOROFAX'**  
OINTMENT

A BURROUGHS WELLCOME & CO. PRODUCT



**B**UT the instructors, the men magnificent in black trousers and pullovers, the girls in scarlet sweaters and skirts so short that Dick blushed, were not approachable from the spectators' gallery even had Dick summoned courage to speak to them.

He talked at last to a white-coated attendant picking up empty cigarette packets from the gangway. The attendant scratched his head.

"I reckon you could learn in four lessons," he said. "If you are keen and get Ginger to teach you." He indicated a plump girl in a short skirt and sweater that clashed with her hair. "She's a Tartar, but she's a teacher. Lemme see. Three-and-six a lesson, four shillings admission learners, two-and-six hire of skates. You can work it out for yourself, son."

Dick worked it out for himself. He also worked out Saturday off with Susie at the rink and at the milk bar. Dick was depressed.

At breakfast next day he talked to his father about watches. "D'you have any trouble with your watch, Dad?" he asked casually.

"No," said his father. "Why?" Dick said, "Mine seems to jump about a bit. Sometimes loses and sometimes it gains. I think," he added as an afterthought and with a certain degree of truth.

Dick's father was irritable. "You must know if your watch is wrong or not," he said. Dick's mother interrupted gently: "I should leave it at the shop for a while, son, and let them check it for you."

"That's what I was thinking," Dick said. "That I'd leave it at the shop for a while." Only he didn't seem very happy about it.

Dick was due at the office at nine-thirty and the watch shop opened at nine o'clock. Dick was there by the time

## He Learned About Love

Continued from page 9

the man was taking down the shutters to reveal shining plate-glass windows behind which there gleamed watches of platinum and ladies' fancy watches of every possible description.

The right-hand corner of the window was partitioned off to display second-hand goods, not just watches, but brooches and earrings, pendants and lockets, charm bracelets, and cameos.

All were marked "Second Hand," "Dirt Cheap," or "Take Your Choice." High above the plate-glass window and on an iron arm which extended well into the street for all to see was a sign. Or rather, there were three signs, identical, and each was a hall made of brass.

Dick walked past and returned three times, then he unstrapped the watch from his wrist and walked into the shop.

The lessons went well enough. If Ginger was a Tartar as well as a teacher, Dick was a trier and not to be beaten.

After the initial humiliation of clinging desperately to the wooden rail round the rink, after the cold shock and bruising, following impact of ice against anatomy, through the stern acceptance of sneers and jeers from the initiated who glided, graceful as swans on a calm lake, while Dick jerked and staggered like a drunken duck, came the day when, with fingers only lightly touching

those of his instructress, Dick covered the outer circle of the ice rink.

Dick could skate. Dick was heady with success. Dick made for the centre of the rink, but the instructress pulled him back.

"The centre," she said firmly, "is for figure skating and exhibition practice."

Dick rested a moment by the rink rail, respect and envy in his eyes while a boy in flannels and striped sweater gave a leap, mid-rink, then crouched and rose into a spin which made Dick giddy for him.

He couldn't help noticing how some of the girl skaters applauded while he of the striped sweater tossed them a careless smile. Dick sighed.

As loudspeakers blared out a dance tune, the instructress brought Dick to ice again.

"What about," she said kindly, "trying a waltz meantime?"

Dick, less like a drunken duck now, but a most reluctant swan, tried a waltz.

Came Dick's Saturday off.

Dick's father and mother had made no comment about his going out one night a week, just after seven, to return about nine-thirty, chilly, bruised, and sometimes cut. Dick's father asked once if he had yet fetched his watch; then he forgot, it seemed, to ask again.

This Saturday, they both stared a little when Dick sat down to breakfast with his hair plastered down and smelling strangely, his jacket discarded, but trousers tight-belted.

The date was ten-thirty at the milk bar. Dick was there at ten, pacing up and down outside until the big car drew up and Susie stepped out. The small girl with plaits stepped out, too. Both of them wore identical blue pullovers and white skirts, both had white kid skates slung across their shoulders.

"Hello," said Susie. "I brought my little sister, Lena."

Silently, they single-filed into the milk bar.

While Dick ordered three Knickerbocker Glories, the third with the greatest reluctance, Susie fidgeted restlessly. She merely played with fruit and ice-cream while Lena tucked in happily, and Dick, his emotions playing havoc with his heart and stomach, stared unhappily at them both.

Susie was very beautiful; but she was not the Susie of the last meeting. She was distant and distant. At last she slid down from her stool.

"Look after Lena," she said. "I have to meet someone." And she was out of the milk bar and gone, before Dick could protest.

Lena looked up from a tall, empty glass. "I want another Knickerbocker Glory," she said.

Sternly, Dick ignored this, and with burning fingers and twisted soul he reached in his pocket for six shillings and slung them across the counter. Lena, unabashed and jaunty, followed him from the milk bar.

At the entrance to the rink Dick paid his admission. "What about her?" asked the man in the box. Dick looked down at Lena.

"She's a member," said Dick. "No, I'm not," said Lena calmly. "Susie always has to pay three-and-sixpence for me."

Dick had to pay three-and-sixpence for Lena. She thanked him calmly and took his hand as they walked into the rink. Dick did not smile.

Susie was already skating. Graceful as a gull on the water's edge, she glided across the rink hand in hand with a young man in flannels and striped pullover. Dick recognised him as the skater who had leapt and twirled and generally shown off in the centre of the rink a few nights before.

Please turn to page 48

**Lifebuoy**

THE SOAP THAT SUITS THEM ALL



**A.M. A.M.**  
THE AUSTRALIAN MONTHLY

Australia's Leading Monthly Magazine. Packed with features, fiction, and sporting articles of absorbing interest to men and women.

At all newsagents and bookstalls every month, 1/6.

**Favourite pen of all the world**

Actually 85 surveys in 34 countries prove Parker to be the world's most wanted pen.

Parker '51', most beautiful pen ever made, surpasses all others in technical precision. Words flow spontaneously from the unique tubular nib which is tipped with a wear-resistant alloy. The patented ink trap maintains an even flow—correctly filled Parker '51' never leaks or blobs. All vital parts including the patented self-filler are hidden safely inside the streamlined barrel.

Available with Rolled Gold Cap, price 110/-... Lustrous Cap, price 90/-... in a range of distinguished colours.

Fill your pen with QUINK—a protective ink for all good fountain pens.

**Parker "51"**

Distributors for Australia:  
**BROWN & DUREAU LIMITED**

MELBOURNE, SYDNEY, BRISBANE,  
ADELAIDE, PERTH



Other famous Parker Pens

**DUOFOLD.**

The finest pen at its price in the world—streamlined and handsome. Rolled gold arrow-clip holds pen low and safe in pocket. Finest quality smooth-writing nib of 14 carat gold.

Price 47/6.

**VICTORY**

Moderately priced but retaining all the elegance and efficiency that goes with every Parker pen. This attractive model is light, and perfectly balanced. Price 29/6.

PP-3



# TALKING OF FILMS

By M. J. McMAHON

## ★★ Take One False Step

UNIVERSAL'S latest Bill Powell comedy-mystery shows him greying gracefully while retaining all his old-time charm and savoir-faire.

The film is pleasant entertainment, moving along at a brisk pace, with some moments of real humor.

Blonde Shelley Winters is the other half of Professor Andrew Gentling's premarital, wartime amour who pops back into his life unexpectedly and high-pressures him into a party for old times' sake.

Unfortunately for the professor, the amorous and inebriated lady disappears that night, after he's delivered her to the kerb, leaving some incriminating evidence that puts him on the spot with the Police Department.

The fact that he is trying to promote a new university by donations from a straitlaced philanthropist, and that his wife is due to fly in from New York at any moment, does not make him feel any happier.

Keeping one jump ahead of homicide cops James Gleason and Sheldon Leonard, the professor, who is an amateur sleuth, becomes involved in some rough patches with gangster types before they ultimately find the missing girl very much alive.

Marsha Hunt is thrown in as an extra attraction.

In Sydney—the Lyceum.

## ★★ Woman in White

IF you like costume melodrama, you will be entertained by this Victorian period piece.

Warner Bros. have given their film all the tear-jerking requisites of the time—a poor little rich girl, a mysterious white-clad woman who ap-

pears at intervals, a caddish nobleman and Svengali-like interloper both out to get control of the girl's fortune, and a romantic young art tutor who catches on to what is happening and throws a spanner in the works.

Add to this graveyards at midnight, gloomy mad-houses, secret passageways and dungeons and you have a film that is not quite credible to contemporary audiences, although it has a certain amount of old-world charm.

Eleanor Parker plays the dual role of the woman in white whom the wicked Count Fosco (Sydney Greenstreet) liquidates, and the English heiress whom he tries to drive insane after marrying her off to Sir Percival Glyde (John Emery), to get control of her estate.

Both these gentlemen are machiavellian types all right, and, as the heiress' brother, John Abbott is the complete neurotic.

Sophisticated Alexis Smith plays a bread-and-butter part for all it is worth. Gig Young adequately outwits the heavies, and Agnes Moorehead is ideally cast as the unhappy Countess Fosco, who eventually gets her revenge.

In Sydney—the Century.

## ★★ Knock On Any Door

THIS Columbia release is a straightout appeal to society for underprivileged youngsters, with a crime-does-not-pay finale.

Big city slums are once more used as background for the drama of juvenile delinquency, its cause and effect.

Bad boy of the story is tall, dark, and handsome newcomer John Derek, who plays with feeling and finesse the difficult role of Nick (Pretty Boy) Romano, the eldest of

## OUR FILM GRADINGS

★★★ Excellent  
★★ Above average  
★ Average  
No stars — below average.

a migrant family that runs into hard times after the father's death. Arrested for shooting a policeman, he is defended by Humphrey Bogart, as a big-time lawyer who has survived sordid beginnings to reach an assured position. He accepts the case because he believes the boy innocent and a victim of circumstance.

The story is told in a series of detailed flashbacks, which are over-prolonged. There is also far too much courtroom bickering between defence and prosecuting lawyers, but the shock ending gives Bogart a fine opportunity to deliver a dramatic plea to society for all young people exposed to the evils of slum dwelling.

The large supporting cast of characters is first rate.  
In Sydney—the State.



IN HOLLYWOOD these two youngsters, fourteen-year-old Joan Evans and seven-year-old Gigi Perreau, are regarded as potential million-dollar earners. Joan, a protégée of Joan Crawford, is already playing important roles, and Gigi is being groomed to fill the niche vacated by Shirley Temple years ago.

## Margaret Sullavan's new films

By cable from LEE CARROLL in Hollywood

AFTER several years off the screen Margaret Sullavan says she has finally evolved a plan to combine a family and movie-making.

She is in Hollywood for Columbia's "No Sad Songs" and will do one film annually for that studio, making them in the summer-time while her three children are away at a camp. She has given up her career to raise her children.

STEWART GRANGER has laughed off the rumors that he is engaged to Jean Simmons. He captivated all the Hollywood belles before returning to England and then taking the plane for Africa for his next assignment.

PAUL HENRIED has finished "Runaway," and now he will return to France to make "Charm Circle," possibly with Jane Wyatt.

VETERAN stage and screen actress Jane Cowl plays Claudette Colbert's aunt in "Blind Spot" for director Mel Ferrer.

M.G.M. have completely rewritten "A Life Of Her Own" for Lana Turner, and she will make her comeback in it.

CYD CHARISSE plays Edmond O'Brien's girl in "Wrong Guy," the story about a sensational Los Angeles vice scandal.

We'd like to  
put our charms around you

How Warner's 3-Way-Sizes can  
curve a beautiful, comfy you



Warner's Alphabet bras are "individually yours" because they're designed to meet your individual figure requirements. 3-Way-Sizing is the secret. And that means you can find a Warner's bra in your very own cup size . . . your choice of band . . . and with just the degree of uplift you want. You'll never see bras that will fit you as beautifully as Warner's Le Gant. Illustrated is one of Warner's newest Alphabet bras, in lovely satin and lace—A cup, sizes 32-36; B and C cup, 32-38.

### CHOOSE YOUR BAND

No more binding or underarm spread—Warner's have bras with deep bands, narrow bands, elastic Sta-Down bands, or no band at all, whichever is most personally yours!



### CHOOSE YOUR CUP SIZE

Among Warner's bevy of beauty you'll find not one or two—but four—cup sizes. What a boon and a blessing for figures ordinarily difficult to fit!

### CHOOSE YOUR UPLIFT

Some women want a real lift, others just a little. Warner's have everything from bras that lift a little to those that lift a lot—so you must get perfect fit.

At all good stores • Corsets •  
WARNER'S Le Gant • Girdles • Bras

W. 10-87



# FUNNYMAN



JERRY SIEGEL  
and  
JOE SHUSTER

Comedian LARRY DAVIS disguises himself as FUNNYMAN, using trick gadgets in his reversible suit to fight crime. Larry is acting at a theatre, when LOLA LEEDS, wealthiest woman in the world, and her escort, COUNT MEOUT, are in the audience. Lola thinks Larry is attractive, and wonders how to meet him. The Count is jealous of Lola's interest in the comedian.

*As I Read  
the  
STARS*  
by WYNNE TURNER.



**ARIES** (March 21 to April 21): October 19 is your most progressive day, with October 20 to 23 rather quiet. Someone may try to hinder you on October 24, a rather disappointing day. Beware of muddles on October 25.

**TAURUS** (April 22 to May 21): Routine may tie you down this week, while working conditions and health could be trying. October 21 is your best day, but care should be exercised on October 24 and 25 in all dealings with persons who have power to affect finance.

**GEMINI** (May 22 to June 21): October 21 and 25 can be your most interesting days this week, with emphasis on the pursuit of happiness. Don't expect much on October 24, for restrictions mark this day, especially in heart affairs.

**CANCER** (June 22 to July 23): Parents, partners, or relatives can prove most helpful from October 21 to 23, but October 24 and 25 are rather trying days for dealing with elderly persons or those in authority.

**LEO** (July 24 to August 23): You are inclined to be enterprising and courageous on October 19, busy yourself in all directions. Move warily as you near October 24, especially with close associates.

**VIRGO** (August 24 to September 23): October 19 and 24 are adverse, October 21 good, while October 25 may entail some scheming to attain desired results. Your personal possessions, income, and expenditure are involved this week.

**LIBRA** (September 24 to October 23): October 19 starts the week well for fresh undertakings, new friends or attachments, but unless forethought is exercised nearing October 24 and 25, sorrow, disappointment, or imposition could result.

**SCORPIO** (October 24 to November 23): Although still held back a little, you are sure to find on October 19 a fresh outlet for your restless energies. Consolidate any gains during October 21 and 22, for October 24 and 25 are likely to cramp your style.

**SAGITTARIUS** (November 23 to December 22): Some pleasant surprises and favorable social activity mark October 19, 21, and 25, but October 24 tends towards upsets in affairs of the heart. Disregard the advice of friends.

**CAPRICORN** (December 23 to January 20): It may be difficult to plan this week, for destiny takes a strong hand, especially as you near October 23 and 24. Keep a firm hold on finance. Push speedily ahead from October 19 to 21, when your powers are strong.

**AQUARIUS** (January 21 to February 19): Don't be disappointed if enthusiastic plans, started from October 19, meet with delay and setbacks on October 24, for October 25 gives fresh inspiration.

**PISCES** (February 20 to March 20): Your aspects are fairly good from October 19 to 23, and adverse during October 24 and 25. Matters concerning money may crop up, especially to do with securities, jointly held money, debts, loans, wills, or benefits.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatsoever for the statements contained in it. Wynne Turner regrets she is unable to answer any letters.]

Printed and published by Consolidated Press Limited, 228-274 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.



# The Dancing Years comes to screen

Famous wartime musical filmed in technicolor

By cable from BILL STRUTTON in London

British studios now have a clearer conception of the ingredients that will combine to make a successful characteristic British musical.

"Trotter True," in which Jean Kent has just scored a hit, is a case in point. This musical borrowed nothing from the timed-to-the-minute Hollywood spectacles we know.

**I**t relied on the rich sources in British music hall tradition; of Gaiety girls marrying belted ears, of catchy Edwardian lyrics, of tinkling barrel organs, and beer and sausages.

It had an unmistakable flavor of its own.

Now producers are bringing this idea up to date.

Who are the big successors to the just traditions of Edwardian music hall? Why, in a refined Mayfair sort of way, Noel Coward and Ivor Novello.

So now they are putting on the screen one of the most spectacular musical shows that has ever gladdened the hearts of British theatre-goers—Ivor Novello's "The Dancing Years."

The men in Associated British, who are making it, are undeterred by criticisms that it can't hold a candle to the blazing glory of Hollywood productions.

Two-and-a-half million people brought camp stools and cut lunches to queue up outside theatres in wartime Britain to see "The Dancing Years" on the stage. They are counting on many times this number going to see it on the screen.

"The Dancing Years" gave the world, among other numbers, these hits—"I Can Give You the Starlight," "Waltz of My Heart," "The Wings of Sleep," "Leap Year Waltz."

All are vintage Novello and by now almost classics of light music.

Dennis Price will create for the screen the romantic role of Rudi, a talented young composer, made famous on the stage by Novello himself.

As a contrast to the Hollywood-style production, the accent here will be more on the play, with the music its accompaniment, instead of the other way round.

The producer has borrowed a famous French star, Gisele Preville, for the feminine lead made famous in the West End by Mary Ellis. She is vivacious, delicately featured, and charming. Her strawberry-blond beauty is a natural subject for the technicolor cameras.

## French star leads

**GISELE** is delighted with the script. She can hardly believe it. In her last three films on the Continent she has been poisoned, shot, and run over. Here, she says, gesticulating excitedly, they're allowing her a happy ending.

As a child Gisele lived in the United States, and later made a film in Hollywood.

I must say I am intrigued by the possibilities of a French actress with an American accent taking the lead in a British musical, but I guess the dialogue experts will iron that one out.

But in "The Dancing Years," fortune has reserved one of her best



**FILM STARS** Dennis Price and Gisele Preville relax between scenes on the set of the new Associated British technicolor musical, "The Dancing Years," while actor-author Ivor Novello elaborates a point of the musical score. "Dennis Price creates for the screen the romantic role that Novello portrayed on the stage."

favours for a petite newcomer, Patricia Dainton, 19, blonde, full of fun and life and the excitement of a role that put her well on the way to stardom. There was an upheaval recently in the British film industry when the mammoth Rank Organisation, seeking to economise, cancelled artists' contracts right and left.

Patricia Dainton was one of the starlets struck off the payroll. Was she downhearted? She was delighted!

"I wasn't getting anywhere," she told me. "There doesn't seem to be any point in having starlets unless you groom them, give them experience by putting them to work, and gradually build them up with bigger and better parts. For me, being a starlet meant getting tiny crowd parts, battling for better ones, and losing. For this I got a modest but regular salary."

"As soon as they cancelled my contract, Associated British offered me another. They lost no time at all with me. It seems only a day

or so since I joined them, and, bingo!—here I am with my big chance!" Patricia's eyes shone.

An index of the ambitious scale on which they are making "The Dancing Years" is provided by the fact that they have already spent four months filming it, and the technicolor cameras will be rolling for many weeks more.

Dennis Price and Patricia Dainton had just returned from filming location scenes in Austria when I interviewed them at the vast new studios Associated British have built at Elstree.

"A nice, romantic location with bags of lovely weather," reported Dennis, with a heavy irony. He came off the set dressed in breeches and a ruffled shirt.

"It rained or blew practically every day at the lakeside near Vienna which we chose for the film

scenes. Every day, regularly as clockwork, a rain squall came tearing up the lake and deluged us before we had time to get under cover. Have you ever heard technicians swearing in German? That's really something!"

And Patricia, who looked forward so much to her first location trip abroad, said a little mournfully, "All those nice things I had read about romantic Vienna. There were so many sad differences from my picture of it."

"The people were sullen and listless. There was no life. The regulations terrified me—I was scared of having a bayonet thrust at me for walking past one of the zone lines. And I was certainly too scared to go out alone!"

"I was glad to get back inside something that was only normally crazy, like a film studio."

## "BE LOVELIER TONIGHT!"

"I always use Lux Toilet Soap for my complexion. My beauty facials bring quick new loveliness,"

says

*Margaret Lockwood*

starring in J. Arthur Rank's "Look Before You Love"

Voted England's favourite actress, beautiful Margaret Lockwood is famous for her exquisite milk-and-roses complexion. Margaret's beauty care is one any girl can follow... daily active lather facials with pure white Lux Toilet Soap. "I work the creamy lather in gently but thoroughly. Then I rinse with warm water, splash on cold—pat to dry with a soft towel." Give your skin this gentle beautifying care. It's quick and easy and it really works!

### Facts About Margaret Lockwood:

Hair: Dark Brown  
Eyes: Blue  
Complexion: Milk and roses  
Hobby: Pottering about her country cottage garden.  
Birthday: September 15  
Beauty Care: Pure white Lux Toilet Soap.



The Bath and Complexion Care of 9 out of every 10 Film Stars





## Two young stars . . .



• (Above) Blue-eyed Geraldine Brooks (Warner Bros.) has an important role in "The Younger Brothers" in which she plays the sweetheart of one of the brothers. Geraldine is in great demand in Hollywood for all sorts of roles, has a penchant for impersonations, claims no serious romantic entanglements, and designs her own clothes.

• (Right) Lovely brunette Ruth Roman, who plays the sweet, naive Emma, one of Kirk Douglas' three charming leading ladies in Stanley Kramer's "Champion" (United Artists). In real life Miss Roman lives quietly in a Hollywood community establishment with six other girls, devoting the greater part of her time to her film career.







**LUCAS**  
*Permolastic*  
WAISTBAND

In Lucas Men's Trunks made from Vel-vuede loom knit fabric. Let us know where you are and we'll tell you the name of a store that stocks them. E. Lucas & Co., 27 Flinders Lane, Melbourne.

★ Guaranteed to outlast the life of the garment

**THREE-WAY RELIEF FOR Eczema Sufferers**



**DOAN'S OINTMENT**  
DOAN'S OINTMENT goes to work on Eczema and other skin complaints in 3 ways. It relieves the pain and itch, protects inflamed skin, and combats infection. Never scratch itching skin! Apply DOAN'S OINTMENT for safe, soothing relief.

At Chemists & Stores all over the world.

Sole Franchises: Foster-McClellan Co. Buffalo, New York, London, Sydney, DGA/1



**1 IMPECUNIOUS** artist Henry Lambert (Dana Andrews) is married to headstrong Adelaide Culver (Maureen O'Hara), in defiance of her wealthy parents, who retire to a country home.



**2 POVERTY-STRICKEN**, Henry becomes addicted to drink, neglects his painting but carves marionettes. Husband and wife quarrel about notorious model, Blazer (Diane Hart).

**BRITANNIA MEWS**



**3 RECONCILIATION** with family fails. During argument Adelaide accidentally bumps Henry to a fatal fall.

ADAPTED from Margery Sharp's best-selling novel, "Britannia Mews" is the story of a forthright, independent English girl of Victorian times who leaves her family's fashionable London home to marry her art tutor and live in the shumlike Mews. Co-stars Dana Andrews and Maureen O'Hara appear together for the first time. He plays the role of sensitive, artistic Henry Lambert, as well as that of gay, penurious lawyer Gilbert Lauderdale.

filmed on the actual London locale of Margery Sharp's novel, "Britannia Mews" has Dame Sybil Thorndike, Fay Compton, and Anne Butchart in the cast. This is a Fox release.



**4 OBSESSED** by guilt, Adelaide allows herself to be blackmailed by a Mews character, the Sow (Dame Sybil Thorndike).



**5 PANIC** forces Adelaide to become a drudge. She is rescued by Gilbert Lauderdale (also Dana Andrews), and neighbors believe he is second Lambert.



**6 DISCOVERY** of puppet figures leads to Adelaide, Gilbert, and old puppet-master opening tiny Mews theatre, which is successful from the beginning, and becomes a favorite spot with London society.



**7 LOVING** Gilbert, Adelaide insists he return to his wife, but they find when she calls that she has divorced him. Adelaide and Gilbert are married soon after and are ecstatically happy.



**8 BECAUSE** her family still believe Gilbert is her first husband, and are charmed by his manner, Adelaide does not disillusion them when the whole group are reunited in the Surrey home.



**LUCAS**  
*Evalastic*  
WAISTBAND

There's a store close by that stocks Lucas Lingerie with the Evalastic Waistband. We'll tell you its name if you let us know where you are. E. Lucas & Co., 27 Flinders Lane, Melbourne.

★ Guaranteed to outlast the life of the garment



"DUMPT" JARS AND "HARDTUBES" IN ALL WANTED SHADES - EVERYWHERE



## DYNAMEL

sparkling colors for furniture and woodwork. Better than enamel.

## SOLPAH

long life gloss color for all floors, lino and cement paths.

## TAUBMANS BUTEX

enamelised colors for distinctive exterior painting.

*You'll love to live with*

# TAUBMANS PAINTS





It's New in New York!



NOW...

TOP BEAUTY SECRET FOR YOU!

*Crest...the latest home permanent wave*

Yes! The latest and greatest Home Permanent is here at the same time as its sister product bursts upon the American scene. You can have this top glamour-giver simultaneously with American women in New York . . . Hollywood . . . San Francisco! And you'll be thrilled with the natural-looking waves and curls.

**Guaranteed—a beautiful perm at far less than salon cost**

A professional permanent wave costs anything up to £3/3/- for a full head . . . Now you can have a ravishing Crest Wave for 17/6 the first perm and 10/- ever after (by buying refills). Even better, try the Crest PAIR-PLAN. Get together with a friend, buy one Crest Full Kit at 17/6 and one Crest Refill at 10/-, work together, share the cost . . . you'll each get your first Crest perm for only 13/9. And remember! A Crest Wave lasts as long as the most expensive salon perm.

**Save time with Crest, so simple, so safe**

You do it at home with two easy-to-use lotions—the Creme Waving Lotion forms the wave—the Finishing Lotion makes it permanent. There's no heat, no heavy equipment. And while Crest is "taking" you can move about the house as usual. Crest is absolutely safe, too. So gentle that it can be used on children's hair.

*Crest...MADE IN AUSTRALIA BY REXONA PROPRIETARY LIMITED*



**FREE! A Full Advisory Service**

The "Crest Advisory Bureau" is staffed by experts in all branches of hairdressing. If you have any questions about your hair which may require special advice, please write to:

Anne Travers  
Crest Advisory Bureau  
Box 3538, G.P.O., Sydney, N.S.W.



## He Learned About Love

*Continued from page 41*

THE young man looked over and openly laughed, then whispered something to Susie as Lena, with cool confidence, and Dick, not quite steadily, took the rink. Lena grasped out for Dick's hand and looked up confidently.

"That's Mike, with Susie," she said. "They had an awful row a few weeks back. That's why she asked you to come skating. Just to make Mike jealous. But they made it up last week, so it doesn't matter now . . ."

Coldly Dick looked down at Lena. Because his mind was on Susie he was skating effortlessly for the first time. "You mind what you're saying," he warned her.

Lena tossed her small head. "I do mind," she said. "I thought you ought to know. Somebody," she added simply, "should do something about Susie."

Then she skated off, a small, compact, confident figure, into the centre of the rink, leaving Dick shattered and alone by the rail.

For a while he just stood there, watching the other skaters. How happy they were in their simple pleasure: what did they know of suffering and despair? He turned towards the exit from the rink. There seemed nothing for it but to go home.

Then the three-piece band at the corner of the rink struck up something in three-four time by Waldteufel, and on the indicator alongside an attendant twisted a card which announced, simply, "Waltz." At that moment Mike and Susie came skating towards the exit, too.

Dick looked over his shoulder. They were laughing at him. Susie whispered something to Mike and again they both sniggered. Dick waited until they had reached him, then, firmly, he took Susie by the hand.

"This one," he said grimly, "is with me."

They say Providence looks with special care on little children. To this might be added the foolish, particularly those who suffer first love. Dick forgot about his skates, he forgot that only once before had he waltzed, off or on a rink, and then somewhat unsteadily and under the guiding hand of an instructress. All Dick knew now was that manhood had been challenged.

As they waltzed away from an astonished Mike, "You're going to finish this waltz with me, Susie," said Dick. "And like it."

Susie looked up, saucer eyes blinking.

"But, Dick," she said, "I do like it." She meant it, too.

But Dick was long past wheedling. Sternly he gazed above her fair head and steadily, if not quite gracefully, he waltzed on.

Mike had recovered now from his first astonishment. Lena, inter-

ested, leaned back on the rail, watching.

"What are you going to do, Mike?" she asked pleasantly. "Punch him?"

Maybe this is what Mike had in mind. He glared down at the ever-unabashed Lena, then skated steadily and with determination after the figure of Susie, waltzing so demurely in the arms of an unrelenting Dick. Dick saw him coming and steered Susie out of his path and into the centre of the rink, narrowly avoiding a skate, shoulder high, of a would-be champion.

Mike was close on them now. Deftly he made a circle round them, then tapped Dick on the shoulder.

"Excuse me," he said with exaggerated courtesy, and made to take Susie in his arms. Dick spun round, partly in anger but mostly because the tap on the shoulder had, for the moment, made him off balance. Dick was not accustomed to spinning round on skates; he continued to spin, while Mike watched open-mouthed and Susie clapped her hands in excitement.

Dick, in that moment, could not have analysed his emotion: all he knew was that he wanted, very much, to stop spinning. He reached out a hand to grab something, anything, and what he grabbed was Mike's ear. Mike, with a yelp of pain, pulled away sharply, to fall flat on his back, legs in air.

Dick was no longer spinning. He was swaying unsteadily and seeing around him a ring of Susies clapping appreciation, a circle of Mikes, legs in air.

"Oh, Dick!" Susie positively gurgled at him; then, "For goodness' sake, get up, Mike! You look too ridiculous!"

Dick took Susie by the arm and skated her to the exit. He turned once to look back to where Mike, red in the face, was pulling himself to his feet; then he looked down on the small, upturned, admiring face of Susie.

"Excuse me," said Dick politely. And, staggering slightly from manhood avenged and because skates are difficult to walk on anyway, he left the rink.

Dick, the chrome doors of the ice rink behind him, passed the milk bar without a single look.

He had to walk home, for there was nothing in his pocket but three ha'pence and a pawn ticket. In his heart there was nothing but simple resignation.

Dick had learned almost all there was to know about life. Dick had learned about love.

(Copyright)

All characters in the serials and short stories which appear in *The Australian Women's Weekly* are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.



# Dress Sense by Betty Keep

PARIS fashion flash: Sheer organdie gowns in pastel colors worn with dark accessories are the news in bridesmaids' fashions. The idea so appeals to me that I suggest it in answer to a reader.

## For a bridesmaid

"AS I am to be my sister's bridesmaid at Christmas time I would like you to design the frock for me and suggest the shade for dress and correct color for accessories."

You couldn't have anything more charming for a bridesmaid's dress than pastel organdie—primrose-yellow, watermelon-pink, sky-blue, and palest lilac are all lovely colors. I advise you to choose the shade most flattering to your eyes and hair. The design I have chosen for your dress is illustrated. Note the deep-cut décolletage with its double-petal collar. It's very new. The waist is circled with black velvet ribbon to match the large picture hat made in black crinoline straw. Wear shoes and gloves in the same pastel shade as the dress, and carry a small bouquet of roses.



ORGANDIE PASTELS with black accessories are the newest bridesmaid fashion.

## Going-away frock

"MY problem is a going-away ensemble for my honeymoon. I am travelling by train to Sydney, and wondered if a suit would be too plain for the occasion. I am only just 20, and do want all my clothes to be right. I look best in youthful designs."

A suit would be perfect for your travelling ensemble. Gabardine would be nice and useful, too, in Sydney during your holiday. A box-jacket suit, the jacket just reaching to the waistline and fastening up to a small, trim collar, plus a peg-top skirt, slim, and slit up the back, would be excellent for the design. You didn't mention your own coloring, but as navy is becoming to most types, I suggest a navy-white-and-yellow combination—navy for suit, shoes, and bag, yellow for hat, and white for blouse.

## Blouse news

"HERE in the south it is necessary to have a year-round suit, and this year I have chosen mine in navy-blue. My problem is the blouse, or probably I will need two, so thought perhaps you might give me some of the latest fashion ideas about designs and materials."

White pique, white linen, printed silk, natural shantung, and white sheers are the most popular materials being used for spring and summer blouses. Numbers of designs are styled with high necklines which tie in big cravat folds. The tailored shirt blouse is still popular, the latest version having bracelet-length cuffed sleeves finished with large

revers. Embroidery is also much used. French designer Jacques Heim embroiders a perfectly simple design in white linen with iris, the embroidery done in mauve and green wool. The lingerie type of blouse in white sheer trimmed either with lace or tucks, or both, is also good fashion.

## Four o'clock wedding

"MY wedding is to be an informal church ceremony, and as I am not to be dressed as a bride I wondered if you would be kind enough to give me some ideas for my frock. The wedding ceremony will take place at 4 p.m."

A dressy afternoon dress will solve your problem perfectly. Numbers of designs for this type of "dressed" dress combine a simple bodice with interesting skirt treatment. The skirt treatment can be interpreted by side fullness, a fantail pleat effect in the back, all-round pleats, or hip drapery. White is very new, so why not be married in white and wear a large-brimmed hat in a toast shade? The same toast shade could be used for your shoes and handbag, with white gloves to match up with the dress.

## New color schemes

"I AM very anxious to make myself some black linen slacks. In fact, I have dyed some linen for this purpose, and would now be grateful if you could suggest some smart new color combination."

A grey-and-white striped cotton blouse and a wide yellow belt would be a striking color combination with black slacks. For an alternate idea, you might consider turquoise-blue for the blouse and coral for the belt.

THURSDAY

## Decision

Shopping for Mary's wedding

Joan and Peter to dinner

## Vibration

### Two new perfumes by Goya

Decision . . . delicate, floral . . . matching your daytime self.  
Vibration . . . glowing, exotic . . . for the more luxurious you of after dark.

Goya's new fragrances that mingle and harmonise. Change from one to the other at a whim . . . or even wear both together!

Gift Size: £3.1.3. Handbag Size: 3/7

MADE IN ENGLAND BY

# Goya

GOYA 161 NEW BOND STREET LONDON W.1

Sole Distributors: Rowell Pty. Ltd., 409 Collins Street, Melbourne.

## Fashion FROCKS

**COLETTE**

Ready to wear or cut out ready to make

"COLETTE"—A lovely four-piece lingerie set made in Raytrousse satin. Colors obtainable are white, pale pink, sky, and peach printed in a floral rose design.

Ready To Wear: Nightgown, sizes 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust, 63/3. Postage, 1/9 extra.

Slip, sizes 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust, 36/6. Postage, 1/6 extra.

Scanties, sizes 24½, 26, 28, 30, and 32in. waist, 22/6. Postage, 1/- extra. Bedjacket, sizes 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust, 31/6. Postage, 1/3 extra.

Cut Out Only: Nightgown, sizes 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust, 50/6. Postage, 1/9 extra.

Slip, sizes 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust, 27/3. Postage, 1/6 extra.

Scanties, sizes 24½, 26, 28, 30, and 32in. waist, 15/6. Postage, 1/- extra. Bedjacket, sizes 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust, 22/6. Postage, 1/3 extra.

N.B.: Please make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

SEND your orders for Fashion Frocks (note prices) to Pattern Department at the address given below for your State. Patterns may be obtained from our offices in Sydney, Melbourne, Brisbane, and Adelaide (see address at top of page 17), or by post:

Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney.  
Box 388A, G.P.O., Adelaide.  
Box 481G, G.P.O., Perth.  
Box 409P, G.P.O., Brisbane.  
Box 185C, G.P.O., Melbourne.  
Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle.  
Thamesia: Box 185C, G.P.O., Melbourne.  
N.Z.: Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney.  
(N.Z. readers use money orders only.)

## RHEUMATIC PAINS

Here is REAL relief . . .

Thousands of happy housewives all over the world who used to suffer all the crippling pains, aches and stiffness that "rheumatics" can bring, now sail through their daily tasks with a song—thanks to De Witt's Pills. Their trouble had been due to poorly functioning kidneys—maybe that is the cause of your trouble.

Sluggish kidneys can affect the health of the whole body. These vital organs have the never-ending task of expelling all those waste matters and impurities which, if left to settle in the system, often give rise to rheumatically conditions.

Start a course of the world-famous medicine specially made to restore kidneys to their normal healthy activities—De Witt's Pills. They act directly on the kidneys, cleansing and re-toning these vital organs until new health, new vim and vigour return. A glance through our files, full of glowing tributes, would convince you of the efficacy of this fine family medicine. Get a supply to-day. For economy's sake get the 5/9 size, it contains two and a half times the 3/- quantity.

## DE WITT'S PILLS

### For Kidney and Bladder Troubles





Four months ago my hands were so useless I couldn't dress myself.



A dreadful depression and hopelessness was getting me down.



Sleepless at night with pain, I had to have pillows under my swollen knees and arms.



Now I can enjoy myself and do my work again.

*"At last I'm free to look after my little family—"*



**This human story will interest many sufferers who should be enjoying radiant health.**

The whole thing started four months ago, when I was advised to take the Menthoid treatment.

Gone is the pain in my knees. Gone is the crippling of my hands that refused to allow me to dress or undress myself. Gone is that dreadful wakeful nights. Gone are the nights when I was barricaded up with pillows—pillows under my knees; they were so swollen and sore I could not stand the pressure one on the other. Gone is the pillow I had to have on my chest to rest the painful arm, as it was too sore to lie on. . . For the first time in a good many years, at last I'm free from pain—free to look after my little family.

Many thanks to Menthoids for my new happiness.



**Start a course of Menthoids to-day**

Get a month's treatment flask of Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids for 6/6, with Diet Chart, or a 12-day flask for 3/6 from your nearest chemist or store. If far from town, pin a postal note to a piece of paper with your name and address and send to:

**BRITISH MEDICAL LABORATORIES**  
Box 4155, G.P.O., Sydney.

Your Menthoids will reach you by return mail. Keep a note of the number of your postal note until you hear from us.

## Menthoids will help you too, if you suffer

Menthoids will help you, too, as they have helped this young Australian mother and her family. For theirs is the story of thousands of other people in the Commonwealth to-day. Rheumatism, Backache, Sciatica, Lumbago, Stiffness in muscles and joints, Kidney and Bladder Weakness, Dizziness, Headaches and Simple High Blood Pressure are so common to-day that it has been estimated that these, and kindred ailments, cost Australians approximately £25,000,000 a year.

Much of this suffering and loss can be ended by helping your bloodstream to wash away the body poisons that cripple you.

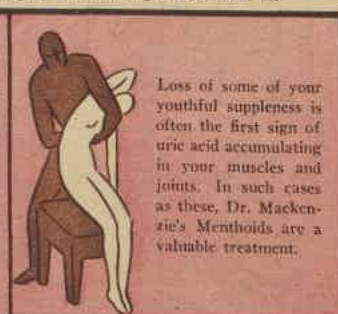
**Menthoids contain no harmful drugs.** Menthoids are a natural prescription, a great medicine containing Thionin. They are a tried and proven family

treatment that has brought relief from the painful, crippling poisons of bacteria and uric acid to generations of Australians. If you suffer in this way, get a flask of Menthoids to-day and give yourself a course of this famous treatment. Menthoids will quickly relieve you of that unhappy depressed feeling—those aches and pains that are sapping your strength—and give you a new lease of life and youthful energy.

## How the Menthoid Treatment acts

A large proportion of drugs and medicines are so changed in the digestive system that their healing and medicinal properties are greatly reduced. In order that Menthoids may exert their beneficial action on kidneys, bladder and bloodstream the prescription includes medicaments that maintain their effective

properties after passing through the digestive tract. Menthoids help to drive out the poisons and germs from your system that so often cause Headaches, Dizziness, Simple High Blood Pressure, Rheumatic Aches, Kidney and Bladder Troubles, Backache, Lumbago and similar ailments.







## FREE! Beauty Satchet

containing all six new shades in Pond's Dreamflower Face Powder. NEW, RICH-WARM TONES

"Dark Rachel"—To give your complexion a luring new warmth and radiance. "Brunette"—As smart as a Fifth Avenue store—as new as the new season's fashion shades.

"Mocha"—The rich, new, tawny tanning to glorify your suntanned complexion.

"Peach"—A new, wickedly flattering peach-tinted powder for brunettes or blondes.

"Rachel"—Sweet as a dream, this new Pond's shade gives a flatteringly warm overtone to fair complexions.

"Cameo"—The delicate pinky tinge to spin a veil of radiant flattery over your skin.

**FREE!** An exciting Beauty Satchet containing generous TRIAL SIZES OF ALL SIX NEW SHADES in Pond's Dreamflower Face Powder. Address your envelope to Pond's, Box 11131, G.P.O., Melbourne, enclosing 6d. in stamps to cover cost of packing and posting.

NAME (BLOCK LETTERS)

ADDRESS

WW 108 P43-2

## Pain soothed instantly BOILS BROUGHT TO A HEAD

## Quicker

Nature often causes a boil to come to a head and thus ease painful misery. BUT doctors agree that moist heat, coupled with a poultice action, helps bring boils to a head quicker. An easy, practical way for you to apply moist heat is by using proven, world-famous



## Antiphlogistine

## RID KIDNEYS OF POISONS AND ACIDS

Your kidneys are a marvelous structure. Within them are 9 million tiny tubes which act as filters for the blood. When poisons and acids attack them you suffer from Interrupted Sleep, Leg Pains, Dizziness, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Nerviness, Circles under Eyes, Swollen Ankles, etc. Ordinary medicines can't do much good. Cystex rids Kidneys of poisons and acids in 3 hours, therefore a speedy end to kidney discomforts. In 24 hours you'll feel better, stronger than for years. Cystex is guaranteed to satisfy or money back. Get Cystex from your chemist or store (10-day). The Guarantee price is yours. New in 2 sizes: 4/-, 9/-.

## Cystex

Guaranteed for Kidneys, Bladder, Rheumatism.

## Prettyfingers

PRETTY hands and feet must also be kept in good health. Muscle and arch strengthening movements are both tonic and shape improving.



## GROOMING GUIDE . . .

**B**EAUTIFYING chore for a quiet spell at home is a massage plus muscle treatment for hands and feet. Make it a weekly affair.

Beginning with the hands, wash and dry thoroughly, then warm a little oil and dabble them in it for a few minutes.

Rub the hands together well to work the oil into the skin, then smooth on top some skin cream or cold cream and work in until the skin absorbs all it will hold.

Next combine some of these massage movements with the oil and cream acting as a lubricant:

- Use the thumb-pad to massage each knuckle with a rotary movement.

- Follow the same method in dealing with the cuticle surrounding each nail, pushing it back gently from the nail.

- Wring both hands together to massage oil and cream into the palm and back of each.

- Stroke from fingertips towards wrists, as in drawing on new gloves.

- Close one hand about the other and work up and down the forearm with a deep pressing and wringing movement.

- Use thumb and fingers to massage deeply on joints at the base of each finger. This is relaxing.

- Massage the elbows with deep pressure, first of all holding the arm straight, then with it bent.

The evening is the most rewarding time for hand beauty work because the cream residue can be left on all night under a pair of loose gloves.

When it is more convenient to do all this during the day, clean off all the cream and oil that is not absorbed in the massaging, and smooth on a little hand lotion for a finishing touch.



## Prettytoes

It is more important to have feet that are well-formed, with strong, flexible arches and straight toes, than feet crammed into shoes too small for them.

These are some quick steps to shapely, better-behaved feet:—

- Free them from the restraint of shoes and stockings by going barefoot for ten or fifteen minutes a day while lounging, sewing, or brushing your hair.

- After bathing, form the pleasant habit of massaging hand lotion or a skin-rub over feet and legs. Pour some of the liquid into the palm and massage with it from the soles upwards to the knees.

- Use long, smoothing strokes to start, then shift to deep, wringing movements, round feet and ankles, and up the legs in a spiral twist.

- Now press the soles of the feet together, making an effort to touch the outer toes; this stretches outer foot and ankle muscles, contracts the inner arches. Vary the exercise by pressing a rubber ball between the two arches.

- Place a cotton-reel on the floor and try to pick it up with the toes, and, as the feet become more flexible, switch to a pencil, then to a smaller object.

- An advanced foot gymnastic that is only possible when strength and flexibility are attained is to place a sheet of writing paper on the floor and anchor it with one bare foot. Clutch a pencil between the big and second toe of the other foot and draw vertical lines as close together as possible.

With increased control, draw vertical lines on the top third of the sheet, horizontal ones on the second section, and fill in the rest with semicircles.

- The weekly pedicure is really important to foot comfort and grooming. Do it after a warm bath when nails and surrounding edges are softened and easy to handle. Trim nails almost straight across; edges filed smooth, cuticles pressed back gently. When polish is worn, cover the full nail with a protective coat over and under the lacquer to help withstand chipping.

## Read how this remarkable Home Beauty Treatment makes your skin finer, smoother, prettier, in a few days

A smooth, soft, well-cared-for skin makes every face young-looking and attractive. You can make your skin look really lovely with this widely-used home beauty treatment. It's the kind of skin care you could spend pounds on at exclusive beauty salons, but so easy now to do yourself in your own home.

What you do is give yourself a luxurious beauty facial every night with Skin Deep Facial. This entirely new kind of preparation will open your eyes to the natural beauty that lies hidden in your skin. The important new feature of Skin Deep Facial is that it nourishes the deep under-skin; you can tell this at once by the surprising way it goes *right into your skin*. No elaborate massage is needed; scientific tests show that the skin soaks up 87% more Skin Deep Facial than the average face cream! Skin Deep Facial carries deep into the skin the vital things it needs to keep young-looking.

Just smooth this life-giving beauty cream lightly over your face and neck *every night at bed-time*. It takes only a minute or so. Skin Deep Facial is so nice to use, because it disappears into the skin quickly and doesn't leave a greasy layer on the surface. And so refreshing! All the tiredness and tautness leaves your skin at once.

Regular nightly facials bring about quite exciting improvements in your skin within a



few days! All signs of roughness, coarseness or patchiness soften away; poor colour and lack of tone in the skin quickly improve. Skin faults are rarely due to age, but to wind and weather, and often to tiredness and nervous strain. Every woman over twenty needs this regular beauty care to keep her skin in its naturally beautiful condition.

Start your home beauty treatment to-night. Thousands of women already use Skin Deep Facial regularly. You can get it at any chemist or store; 5/- for a large treatment-size jar.

## Skin Deep FACIAL

ATKINSONS • LONDON

A.44.WWE2g



## To remove HAIR in only 3 minutes!

Try this quick way to remove superfluous hair. No razors, no mess. Just apply this dainty white cream—Veet—in three minutes the hair is gone—no stubble, no shadow, your skin is soft, smooth and white. New growth is weakened. Get a tube of Veet today. Successful results guaranteed or money refunded.

- 1 Apply this dainty cream straight from the tube.
- 2 After three minutes wash it off. Not a trace of hair remains.
- 3 Your skin is left soft and smooth as if no ugly hair ever existed!

**VEET CREAM**

Supplies now available at all chemists 2/9 per tube.

## SMART STYLING

makes this FORTUNE 'Salon' brush as delightful to behold as to use. FORTUNE 'Salon' brush sells at 13/6. Also everywhere, the other FORTUNE brush—'Boudoir' in crystal, Pale Pink or Pale Blue selling at 16/6.

## DEFINITELY NOT EXPENSIVE

**Fortune** MOISTURE RESISTANT PURE NYLON BRISTLES

IN EVERY WAY THE PERFECT HAIR BRUSH

Made especially for and distributed to the wholesale trade by Lashley Ltd., Adelaide. Prices are for State of manufacture. Prices in distant areas may be slightly higher.





# Everything

you ask of a breakfast food  
is in these nourishing biscuits



MADE BY THE  
SANITARIUM HEALTH FOOD COMPANY  
— THEY MUST BE GOOD! —



## Weet-Bix

whole-wheat breakfast biscuits

Made from the finest sun-ripened whole wheat . . . deliciously flavoured with pure, wholesome malt . . . enriched with Vitamin B<sub>1</sub> and toasted to crisp, crunchy perfection . . . WEET-BIX Whole Wheat Breakfast Biscuits offer you everything you ask of a food! Quick and easy to serve, too! You just add milk and sugar and they're ready to eat! Or you can serve them split, buttered and spread with honey or Marmite! Either way you'll find WEET-BIX grand eating and a grand body-building, energy-giving food as well. From all grocers!

W 23-7105





ONE hot dish—broth, savory appetiser, main meat or fish dish, or sweet—should be included in every summer dinner menu.

An all-cold meal is satisfactory for week-end luncheon or supper, but is not sufficiently stimulating for those who work all day with perhaps only a light midday snack.

The one hot dish included need not be the main dish. Broths, savory snacks (to be served before or after the main dish), or light, hot sweets may be served as suggested in the menus on this page.

If the family prefers a hot main dish make it as light as possible—save your favorite pies, pasties, and dumplings for the winter months!

Include fish as often as possible, and remember there are a dozen other ways of cooking it besides frying!

#### MENU 1

(See color photograph.)  
Shredded Vegetable Broth  
Glazed Tongue with Aspic  
Potato Salad Green Salad  
Strawberry Cream

#### SHREDDED VEGETABLE BROTH

Two carrots, 1 onion, 1 small swede, 1 potato, 2 sticks celery, 6 cups meat or vegetable stock, 2

teaspoons salt, 1 teaspoon meat or vegetable extract, 2 tablespoons well-washed barley, 2 tablespoons chopped parsley.

Shred carrots, swede, and potato with vegetable shredder or coarse grater. Finely dice onion and celery. Place in saucepan with stock, salt, meat or vegetable extract, and washed barley. Simmer  $\frac{1}{2}$  to 1 hour. Sprinkle thickly with chopped parsley before serving.

#### GLAZED TONGUE WITH ASPIC

One ox tongue, 1 small sliced onion, 4 or 5 peppercorns, 3 or 4 cloves, blade of mace.

Wash tongue well, place in warm water to cover with all other ingredients. Bring slowly to boiling point, cook gently  $2\frac{1}{2}$  to 3 hours (according to size), removing scum as it rises. Drain, cool slightly, skin, and trim root end. Shape into a circle and fit into tongue-presser (or basin with saucer or plate and weights on top). Leave to cool and set overnight.

Aspic Jelly: Two dessertspoons gelatine,  $1\frac{1}{4}$  cups cold water,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup hot water, 1 tablespoon white wine

#### By Our Food and Cookery Experts

vinegar, 3 cloves (blossom end removed), 3 thin strips lemon rind, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, 2 thin slices onion, 2 sprigs parsley, 1 teaspoon salt.

Dissolve gelatine in hot water. Place cold water in saucepan with all ingredients except soaked gelatine. Beat lightly with spoon-type egg-whisk until boiling. Add gelatine. Cool and strain through jelly bag or several thicknesses of cheesecloth. When beginning to thicken, coat tongue as follows:

To Glaze and Decorate Tongue: Two hard-boiled eggs, strips par-boiled red pepper (or thin slices tomato), parsley sprigs.

Coat tongue with very thin layer of aspic. Allow to set. Arrange pattern of sliced hard-boiled egg, red pepper or tomato, and parsley sprigs on top of tongue. Coat again very lightly with aspic, allow to set. Serve cold with salad.

#### STRAWBERRY CREAM

One packet strawberry jelly,  $\frac{1}{4}$  pint hot water, whole strawberries,

strawberry leaves, 3 cups milk, 2 tablespoons sugar, 4 dessertspoons cornflour, 2 eggs, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 3 dessertspoons gelatine soaked in 4 tablespoons hot water, cream or cream substitute.

Dissolve jelly in hot water, allow to cool. Set a very thin layer in wetted mould. Arrange pattern of strawberries and leaves, add a little more jelly, allow to set. Blend cornflour with some of milk, add balance of milk and sugar. Stir until mixture boils and thickens. Cool slightly, add egg-yolk and lemon rind. When almost cold fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites and dissolved gelatine. Pour into mould when quite cold, chill until firm. Add balance of strawberry jelly. Chill until set. Unmould, garnish with whole strawberries, strawberry leaves, and whipped cream.

#### MENU 2

Cheesed Vegetable Souffle  
Soused Fish with Cucumber, Tomato, Lettuce, and Minted Potato Salad  
Compote Apples with Chilled Caramel Custard

OX TONGUE, cooked to a moist, delicious tenderness, and glazed with aspic jelly, makes a glamorous main dish for a summer dinner. Salad ingredients provide an attractive setting for the tongue. Hot broth and a luscious strawberry cream sweet complete the menu. See recipes on this page.

#### CHEESED VEGETABLE SOUFFLE

Three-quarters cup thick white sauce, 2 eggs, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, 2 tablespoons grated cheese,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup finely diced cooked vegetables (carrot, turnip, celery, peas, or any on hand), salt and pepper to taste.

Beat egg-yolks into freshly made white sauce. Add parsley, cheese, and vegetables. Season with salt and pepper. Fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites. Fill into greased ramekin dishes. Bake in moderate oven (350deg. F. gas, 400deg. F. electric) 20 to 25 minutes. Serve piping hot.

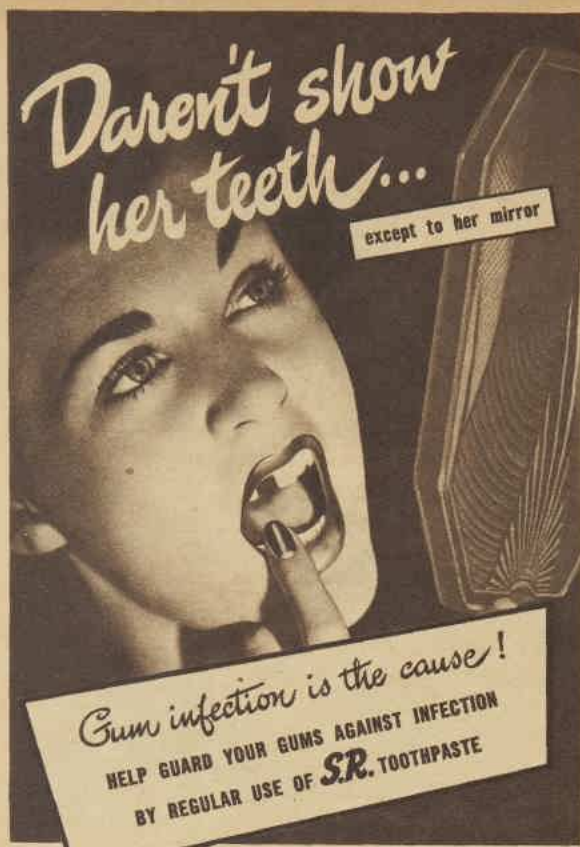
#### SOUSED FISH

One and a half to two pounds fish fillets, 1 small sliced onion, 2 or 3 sprigs parsley and mint,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup vinegar, 3 cloves, 3 or 4 peppercorns, salt, pepper.

Wash fish well in salted water, pat dry with clean cloth. Place in oven-ware dish. Cover with sliced onion, add seasonings and vinegar. Cover with greased paper. Bake in moderate oven 20 to 30 minutes, or until flesh is soft, white, and flaky. Remove cloves, peppercorns, parsley, and mint. Chill before serving.



*Daren't show her teeth...*  
except to her mirror



*Gum infection is the cause!*  
HELP GUARD YOUR GUMS AGAINST INFECTION  
BY REGULAR USE OF **S.R.** TOOTH PASTE

Even the strongest, whitest teeth can be lost through gum infection — help guard your gums by sensible care with S.R. Toothpaste. Unhealthy gums may lead to extraction after extraction — don't wait until infection sets in. With S.R., keep your teeth sound and sparkling in firm, healthy gums. Clean your teeth with S.R. — to keep them dazzling white — brush and massage your gums with S.R. to look after their well-being, too.

S.R. Toothpaste contains Sodium Ricinoleate, often used in the treatment of inflamed, bleeding gums and gum rot.

**S.R.**  
TOOTH PASTE



## HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE

There's Real Comfort  
in Every Sip of  
Hearne's.

**COUGHS & COLDS**

**A.M.**

Australia's Leading Monthly  
Magazine, at all newsagents  
and bookstalls, 1/-.



**DATE AND BANANA TWIST** has a moist, rich filling. Topped with icing and nuts it will be popular for afternoon tea or supper. See prize-winning recipe on this page.

## Cash prizes for recipes

**DELICIOUS** date and banana twist wins this week's main prize of £5. The recipe is economical and easy to prepare.

Try serving it as a hot dinner sweet with custard or ice-cream, or allow it to become quite cold, then ice and decorate with nuts as illustrated.

In the following recipes all spoon measurements are level.

### DATE AND BANANA TWIST

Eight ounces self-raising flour, pinch nutmeg and salt, 1oz. margarine or butter, 1oz. sugar, 1 egg, 3 to 4 tablespoons milk, 1 teaspoon lemon juice.

Filling: Three-quarters pound dates, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 1 cup water, 2 bananas, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind.

Prepare filling first. Chop stoned dates roughly, beat in saucepan with water and lemon juice until pulpy, allow to cool. When cold stir in mashed bananas and lemon rind. Sift flour, nutmeg, and salt. Rub in margarine or butter, add sugar. Mix to stiff scone dough with beaten egg, milk, and lemon juice. Knead lightly on floured board, divide into three equal portions. Roll each to 1in. thickness and approximately 3 1/2 in. wide and 12 in. long. Spread filling equally down centre of each strip. Glaze edges and roll over to form three long rolls. Glaze ends, pinch three ends together, and plait rolls evenly. Glaze and pinch finishing ends together. Place on greased oven slide. Bake in hot oven (400deg. F. gas, 450deg. F. electric) 25 to 30 minutes. Cool on cake-cooler. When cold ice top of twist with lemon-flavored warm icing, decorate with chopped nuts.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. C. Paech, Kyneton, Vic.

### COD ALEXANDRA

One and a half pounds smoked cod, 6 medium-sized parsnips, 3 dessertspoons margarine or butter, 2 tablespoons flour, 1 cup water, 1 hard-boiled egg, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, salt, pepper, parsley, lemon, and paprika to garnish.

Soak fish 3 to 4 hours, cut into service-sized pieces. Place in saucepan, cover with fresh cold water, bring to boiling point, simmer till tender. Scrape and halve parsnips, boil until tender in salted water. Drain, arrange round edge of heated serving dish. Drain fish, remove skin, pile in the centre of serving dish, cover and keep hot while preparing sauce. Melt margarine or butter, add flour, stir until smooth, cook 1 to 2 minutes without allowing to brown, add water, stir while mixture boils and thickens. Fold in chopped hard-boiled egg and lemon juice, season to taste with salt and pepper. Pour over fish, garnish with lemon slices, parsley



**SMOKED BLUE COD** with tangy lemon-egg sauce is a satisfying luncheon dish. Recipe on this page.

sprigs, and paprika. Serve immediately.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. L. Hawkins, "Beau View," Degby Rd., Hamilton, Vic.

### PEAR GINGERBREAD RING

Two cups plain flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder, pinch salt, 3 teaspoons ginger, 1 teaspoon mixed spice, 1 cup brown sugar, 1 egg, 1 cup golden syrup, 3oz. margarine or butter, 1 cup milk, 4 pears, 3 tablespoons sherry or lemon juice, 1 tray ice-cream, cherries to decorate.

Sift dry ingredients, add brown sugar. Heat golden syrup and margarine or butter together until shortening is melted, add milk, then beaten egg. Fold into dry ingredients, mix well. Fill into greased ring-tin, bake in moderate oven (375deg. F. gas, 425deg. F. electric) 40 to 45 minutes. Turn carefully on to cake-cooler, allow to cool. Peel, core, and halve pears, simmer gently until tender in syrup made from 4oz. sugar and 6 tablespoons water; drain and chill. Pour sherry or lemon juice over gingerbread, arrange pears on top. Fill centre of ring with ice-cream, decorate with cherries.

Consolation Prize of £1 to L. Fitzpatrick, 10 Gilderthorp Ave., Randwick, N.S.W.

### PORK HAWAIIAN

Four shoulder pork chops, 2 cups crushed, drained pineapple, 3 medium-sized sweet potatoes, 2 tablespoons brown sugar, 4 bacon rashers, salt and pepper.

Spread pineapple over base of large greased casserole dish or 4 individual dishes. Peel and slice sweet potatoes, place over pineapple, sprinkle with brown sugar. Season pork with salt and pepper, arrange on top of sweet potatoes. Cover with bacon strips (rind removed), place lid on casserole and bake in moderate oven (350deg. F. gas, 400deg. F. electric) 1 to 1 1/2 hours until chops and potatoes are tender. Remove lid, increase temperature to 450deg. F. gas, 500deg. F. electric for 10 minutes to brown chops and bacon. Serve immediately with sauteed peas and carrots.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. P. G. Russack, 32 Farrant St., Prospect, S.A.

## HIGHLIGHT YOUR HAIR



★ To keep the beauty  
of shining hair . . .

For children and adults there is nothing more beneficial to the hair than regular care with Barry's Tri-coph-erous. This treatment helps prevent falling hair, dandruff, premature grey-ness, brittle hair, itching scalp.

**BARRY'S  
Tri-coph-erous**  
FAMOUS HAIR TONIC

Sold by all Chemists & Stores



## BLOTCHY SKIN

RELIEF! marred by spots, rashes and pimples is quickly cleared by Cuticura Ointment. It assures skin health. Always keep a tin of Cuticura Ointment in the house. Good for cuts, bruises and sores. One of the famous trio—Cuticura Ointment, Soap and Talcum Powder. 5/11

**Cuticura  
OINTMENT**

## FEELING JADED?

Are things beginning to get you down? Do personal and business worries upset you so that you feel washed-out, weary, depressed? Then try taking WINCARNIS. It's amazing the way so many people have put themselves right again simply by taking WINCARNIS. There are thousands of recommendations from the medical profession praising the way WINCARNIS has helped to restore natural energy and re-build jaded nerves. The choice selected wines that go into the making of WINCARNIS are themselves first-class tonics, but in addition it contains special fortifying ingredients to nourish the nerves and brain. Take WINCARNIS and get well. Your Chemist has it. WINCARNIS . . . the Wine of Life.





because NUGGET beats everything for *brightness*  
 NUGGET spreads evenly and easily; cuts down shoe cleaning time. *Less* NUGGET cleans *More* Shoes.



The Daily Dose of NUGGET keeps shoes bright, keeps them right  
 BLACK, DARK TAN, BLUE, Etc. . . . in small, large, and extra large  
 (STAIN) handy lever-opener tins.





## BOOK TO Travel anywhere—at any time with ANSETT TRAVEL SERVICE

No matter where you want to holiday in this vast Australian continent, be it for a day or six months or more, Ansett Travel Service can offer you a host of delightful, exciting holiday suggestions. Leisurely highway touring, near at hand or far away—swift air travel to distant capitals—lazy hotel holidays—these, or a combination of any or all are simple matters for you to arrange through A.T.S., Australia's leading touring, travel, and holiday organisation.

More details? Ask at any A.T.S. office for itineraries, colorful folders, helpful suggestions.

## ANSETT TRAVEL SERVICE

PIONEER TOURS ANSETT AIRWAYS ANSETT TRAVEL HOTELS

Melbourne, MU6921; Sydney, BW2921; Adelaide, Cen. 2514; Brisbane, B5510; Hobart, 7470; Launceston, 1760; and at Canberra, Wagga, and all recognised Travel Agencies.



## NEW!...a cream deodorant

which safely **STOPS**  
under-arm **PERSPIRATION**

1. Does not rot dresses or men's shirts. Does not irritate skin.
2. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
3. Instantly stops perspiration 1 to 3 days. Removes odors from perspiration, keeps armpits dry.
4. A pure, white, greaseless, stainless vanishing cream.
5. Arrid has been awarded the Approval Seal of an international institute of laundering for being harmless to fabric.

Small jars 1/-; large jars 2/3

**ARRID** THE LARGEST  
SELLING  
DEODORANT



Sure of her health...  
sure of herself?

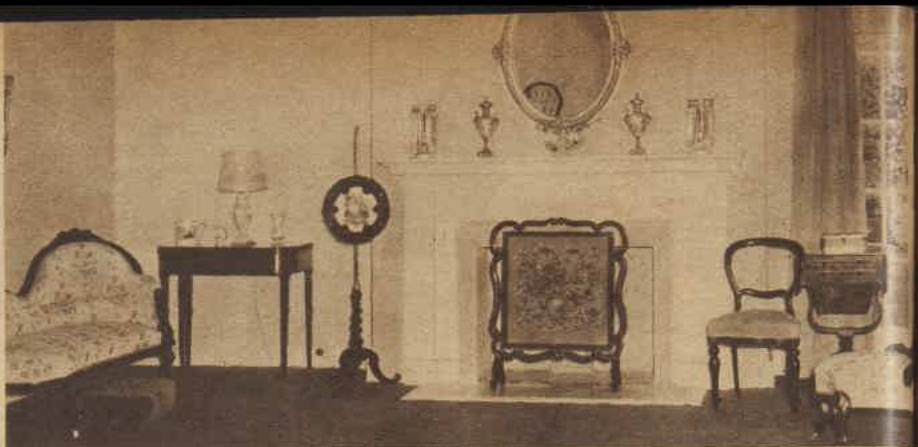
Of course she is!

She's full of confidence because she can rely on boundless energy that springs from radiant health that enables her always to look her best. No constipation, sick headaches for her. She prevents these everyday ills by taking Beecham's Pills whenever she needs a reliable and effective laxative.

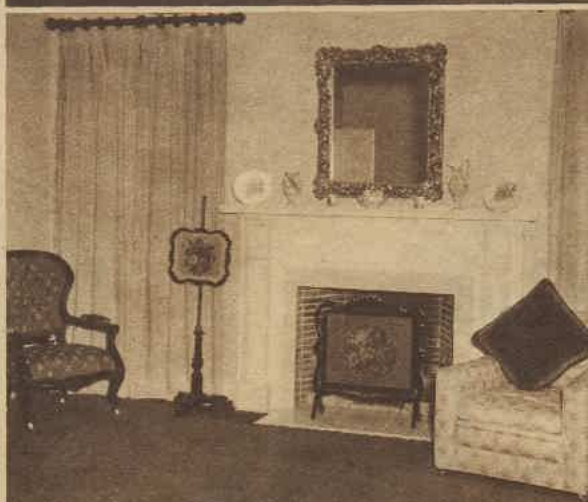
Box of 40 pills, 1/3; 120 pills, 3/-

Wise woman—she takes

**Beecham's Pills**  
WORTH A GUINEA A BOX



GLIMPSE of the beautifully furnished drawing-room. Feature is lovely old china, flower colors of which are repeated in furnishings. Doors lead to garden.



GILT-EDGED MIRROR above fireplace in the sitting-room reflects the soft blues of curtains and chair covers. Clotted cream-toned walls and carpet the hue of old wine match hall, drawing-room.



FLOWERS play their part in the decorative scheme of the long, wide hallway. Notice wall-lights.

## GRACIOUS HOME

By EVE GYE, Editor of our  
Homemaker Department

SEVEN glimpses of Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Lawrence's Georgian home in Whernside Avenue, Toorak, Victoria, are given on these pages.

A spacious and beautifully appointed home, it is surrounded by a delightful garden in which Mrs. Lawrence takes much interest. Her collection of hydrangeas, perennials, and flowering shrubs is worthy of note.

But exceeding this is her collection of rare old English china, including Colebrookdale, Rockingham, Coalport, and Chelsea. This is displayed in Georgian mahogany cabinets and on occasional tables and mantel-pieces.

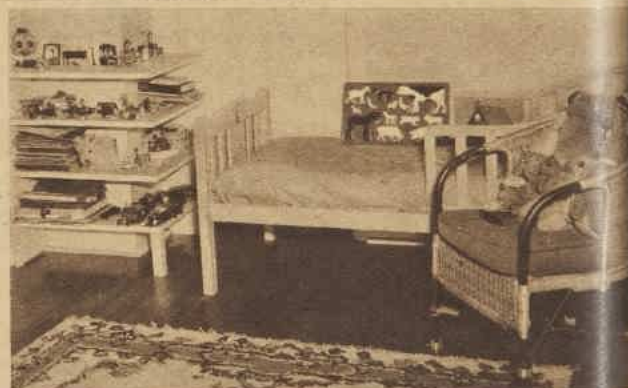
The long, wide entrance hall, staircase, and all reception rooms on the ground floor have walls painted the color of clotted cream, with stark-white woodwork and carpeting the deep, rich hue of old wine.

All mouldings are Georgian in style, and an interesting feature of dining and sitting rooms is the use of old cedar curtain poles and rings. These harmonise well with the mahogany and walnut furniture.

In the selection of color schemes for soft furnishings, Mrs. Lawrence was guided by the gilding and the lovely flower colors decorating her priceless china.

Curtains, cushions, lampshades, chair covers, carpets, and bedspreads repeat several of these delicate or rich colors.

The wide tiled verandah overlooks the secluded garden. It is furnished attractively with glass-topped tables, wrought-iron cushioned chairs, and the more picturesque peacock-backed cane chairs.



CORNER of six-year-old Rodney's room, which has palest green walls, white ceiling, and off-white furniture. Feature is specially made corner unit for toys. This can be moved away from wall for cleaning purposes. Rodney has been taught to look after all his books and toys, to return them to shelves or cupboards after play.

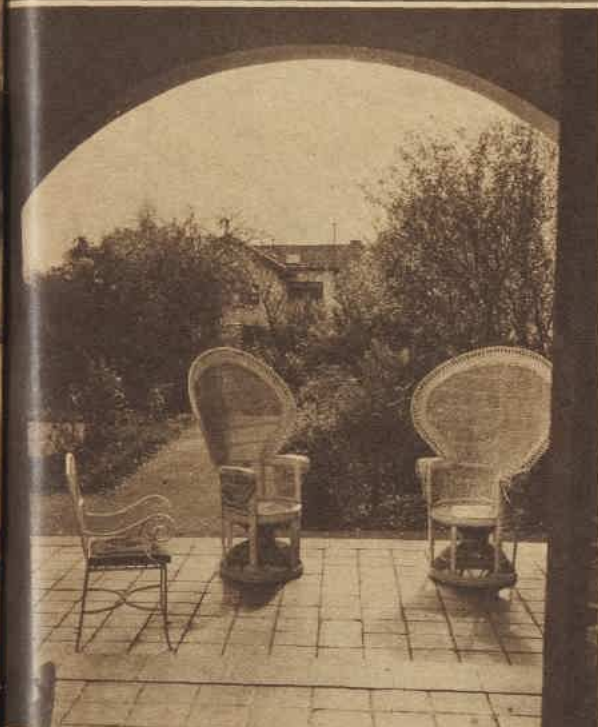


MAIN BEDROOM has palest ivory walls; French-grey carpet. Curtains and bedspreads in hand-blocked linen have lattice design with pastel flower motifs. Lustres and green Rockingham china on the mantelpiece.





**PILLARED GRACE:** Exterior view of Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Laurence's home at Toorak, Victoria. See story on page 56.



THIS GLIMPSE of the garden was taken from the wide doors of dining-room. Wide sunny verandah is of rich red tiles, highly polished.

## NURSING TROUBLES

By **SISTER MARY JACOB**, Our Mothercraft Nurse

**PAIN** and discomfort in the early days of the nursing period and much needless early weaning of babies could be avoided if proper pre-natal and post-natal care were given to breasts and nipples.

Mothers who have faithfully carried out the simple routine for the preparation of breasts and nipples, advised by our free pre-natal service, have told us how thankful they were to have acquired that knowledge.

These mothers told us that they had had no discomfort in feeding their babies, while other mothers had cracked nipples or breast abscesses. The sufferers had admitted that they had done nothing beforehand to prepare themselves to be successful nursing mothers.

A leaflet explaining how to treat inverted or flat nipples and how to tone up the muscles of the breasts, and prevent and treat possible early nursing troubles, can be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Scottish House, 19 Bridge Street, Sydney. A stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed with the request.

## Your vegetable garden . . . WHEN TO HARVEST

**B**EANS need watching closely, and should be picked before they grow too plump.

Tomatoes often pass their prime overnight during hot spells. If picked partly green and ripened indoors they lack flavor, but at least you dodge the damage caused by fruit flies, grubs, and tomato bugs.

Even heat-resistant lettuces are apt to shoot up to seed rapidly after being saturated for too long, but if a close watch is kept on them it is possible to catch the heads just before they "shoot." They can then be stored in the refrigerator for a week.

Silver beet is another vegetable that bolts and goes to seed very quickly after a long wet spell. It must be cut young to cook tender, so take off the outer leaves as they mature and use them. This gives the central leaves a chance to develop. Feed well with plenty of liquid manure or dilute sulphate of ammonia.

Carrots will be found much tastier if pulled when about half-grown. Anything about the size of your thumb will be found sweet and sugary. This also applies to parsnips, which often coarsen if left to mature.

Beetroots should be pulled when about the size of a billiard ball. This also applies to kohlrabi and white turnips. Early next month you can get a few kidney potatoes by bandicooting round the plants with your fingers—Our Home Gardener.



**FLOWER-CUTTING** with one hand. Ideal gift for the garden-lover are these new-style scissors, which cut and hold blooms until placed in basket.



so fine, so fragrant, and . . .

so indescribably flattering. Fair skins become dazzlingly fair—when Yardley powder is used. Sallowiness changes to creaminess; and dark skins glow with a new brilliance. Yardley powder has everything; colour, texture and exquisite fragrance.

**YARDLEY**

*Complexion Powder* (price 5/6)

YARDLEY · LONDON NEW YORK PARIS SYDNEY



# Clements TONIC

## IS WHAT YOU NEED

Conditions of nerviness, being run down, out of sorts and tired are danger signals that require immediate and prompt attention. Don't neglect to get right back on the road to health. Start right away on a course of Clements Tonic. This scientific preparation contains valuable and essential mineral and iron compounds specially prepared to build up the red corpuscles in the blood stream, soothe and calm the nerves, rid you of that run-down and tired feeling.

Just one word of advice: "Don't expect one bottle of Clements Tonic to do the work of two, and don't forget that Clements Tonic can be taken with safety by the whole family, whether young or old."

### Clements Tonic Works Immediately

**This is what it does.** **NERVES**—Clements Tonic soothes and comforts nerves—allows them to function in a healthy manner. **BLOOD STREAM**—Clements supplies iron to the bloodstream and gives new life and vigour to red corpuscles. **DIGESTION**—Clements aids, encourages the flow of gastric juices, resulting in a better appetite and enjoyment of food.

#### PLAIN OR FLAVOURED

Clements Tonic is prepared in two varieties—plain and flavoured—but the active ingredients of both plain and flavoured Clements Tonic are of the same high therapeutic standard.

#### YOUR GUARANTEE

For over 60 years Clements Tonic has been the health giver to generations of Australians, and each year brings added evidence of its properties from grateful users everywhere.



START ON A COURSE OF CLEMENTS TONIC TODAY!





EFFECTS BY DERIC DEANE AND HALL  
INTERIOR DECORATORS

*Loveliness that costs so little! Loveliness that lasts so long . . . Bond's Tru-Size "Underlovelies" are tailored in dull-*

*finish rayon lock-nit, "Dream-glo" cotton interlock or shimmering sicami. All of*

*Bond's lovely fabrics keep their smooth lines no matter how often you wash them.*

**BOND'S**



# Fashion PATTERNS



**F5687.**—Flower-girl's dress. Sizes 33, 37, and 41in. lengths for 4, 6, and 8 years. Requires 6yds. 36in. material. Price 1/11.

**F5688.**—Glamorous lace-trimmed dressing-gown. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 7yds. 36in. material, plus 9yds. 2in. lace and 4yd. 1in. lace. Price 2/8.

**F5689.**—Pretty trousseau nightgown styled with flattering bra top. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4yds. 36in. material and 6yds. 2in. lace. Price 2/4.

**F5690.**—Charming one-piece dress in plain and printed floral. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3yds. 36in. plain and 4yd. 36in. floral material. Price 1/11.

**F5691.**—Dress with floating panels. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3yds. 36in. material. Price 1/11.

• TO ORDER: Needlework Notions and Fashion Patterns may be obtained from our Pattern Department. If ordering by mail send to address given on page 49.

## NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

**No. 195.—TEA-TOWELS**  
These pretty day-of-the-week tea-towels, measuring 22 x 32in., are traced ready to embroider in gay colors on Irish linen with blue, lemon, and green borders.  
Price 5/3 each. Postage 4d. extra.  
Set of seven, 35/6. Regd. postage, 2/6 extra.

**No. 196.—THREE D'OYLES**  
These three dainty d'oyles, measuring 8 x 8in., are traced ready to embroider on cream Irish linen; sheer linen in sky, white, pink, pale blue, lemon, and green; also organdie in lemon, pink, green, white, and blue. Finish with lace (lace not supplied).  
Price: Linen, 1/- each, or set of three, 2/9. Organdie, 9d. each, or set of three, 2/-. Postage 3d. extra.

**No. 197.—LITTLE GIRL'S FROCK**  
This gay little pinafore frock for summertime wear has quaint frills at shoulders and hips. It is cut out ready to sew in a floral printed cambric in white on pale pink, blue, green, and sky grounds.  
Size: Length 18in., 2 yrs., 6/11. Regd. postage, 9d. extra. Length 19in., 3 yrs., 7/6. Regd. postage 10d. extra. Length 20in., 4 yrs., 8/3. Regd. postage 11d. extra. Length 23in., 5-6 yrs., 9/3. Regd. postage 1/1 extra.

**No. 198.—CHECK GINGHAM SUN-SUIT AND SOU-WESTER**

Cut out ready to sew, this trim sun-suit and matching sou-wester are in red-and-white, blue-and-white, and green-and-white check gingham.  
Size: Length 18in., 2 yrs., suit 4/9, sou-wester 3/11, complete set 8/6. Length 19in., 3 yrs., suit 5/3, sou-wester 4/3, complete set 9/3. Length 20in., 4 yrs., suit 5/11, sou-wester, 4/11, complete set 10/6. Length 23in., 5-6 yrs., suit 6/3, sou-wester 5/3, complete set 11/3.  
Postage: Suit 5d. extra. Sou-wester 4d. extra. Complete set, 2 yrs., 9d. extra regd.; 3 yrs., 10d. extra regd.; 4 yrs., 11d. extra regd.; 5-6 yrs., 1/1 extra regd.

**No. 199.—SUN-FROCK AND BOLERO**

This charming sun-frock has a matching bolero, tying neatly with a bow. It is cut out ready to make in a spotted pique in red-and-white, blue-and-white, and green-and-white.  
Size: 32 to 34in. bust, 27/9. 36 to 38in. bust, 29/3. Regd. postage 2/3 extra.

• When ordering Needlework Notions Nos. 195, 196, 197, 198, 199 please make a second color choice. C.O.D. orders not accepted.



**GROW LASHES AND BROWS IN 30 DAYS!**

In thirty days you can grow long, curling, silken lashes and perfect eyebrows by applying Le Charme Eyelash Grower.

**PROVED By Thousands**

No matter how scant your eyelashes, how indistinct your eyebrows, Le Charme Eyelash Grower will positively increase their length and thickness. Even in the first few days you will notice the promise of a beautiful silken fringe. If obtainable locally, 3/6 post free from Box 2236, G.P.O., Sydney.

**Le Charme**

EYELASH GROWER

**Permanent HAIR REMOVER**

See us this week! We do, positively REMOVED, and the ROOTS DESTROYED FOR GOOD. Satisfaction or money back guaranteed. If obtainable locally, 7/6 post free, from Le Charme, Box 2236, G.P.O., Sydney.



Modern Mothers KNOW THE COMFORT AND CONVENIENCE OF THE GENUINE Cuddleseat

Wholesale Agents: Crawford & Brownlie Pty., Ltd., 183 Clarence St., Sydney.

## MILLINERY

"Modern Millinery Made Easy" an encyclopedia of all millinery and over 1000 subjects, adults', children's millinery, Bridal Wear, Day, Cocktail Hats, Grosgrain Hats, etc., beautifully illustrated. Order your copy now, 21/- from "Modern Designers," 77 Queen Street, Brisbane, Q.

## "HUMAN RUST"

Food waste (Human Rust) adheres to the inner walls of the large intestine much as rust collects in a water pipe. The result is self-poisoning which causes 95% of present day ill-health, constipation, headache, neuritis.

Coloseptic clears away Human Rust by first loosening then smoothly removing this food waste by normal evacuation and keeps you in good health and strength.

**COLOSEPTIC FOR BETTER INTERNAL CLEANNESS**  
At All Chemists and Stores

4713



# "Here's Your Health"



Eat Arnott's Shredded Wheatmeal Biscuits every day. They compel you to chew slowly—and how delicious that wheat crunchiness is! Remember you will never be radiantly happy starving yourself, so enjoy life—be fit. Slow mastication soon becomes a habit and good digestion just naturally follows.

*There is no Substitute for Quality.*

## Arnott's Shredded Wheatmeal Biscuits

